

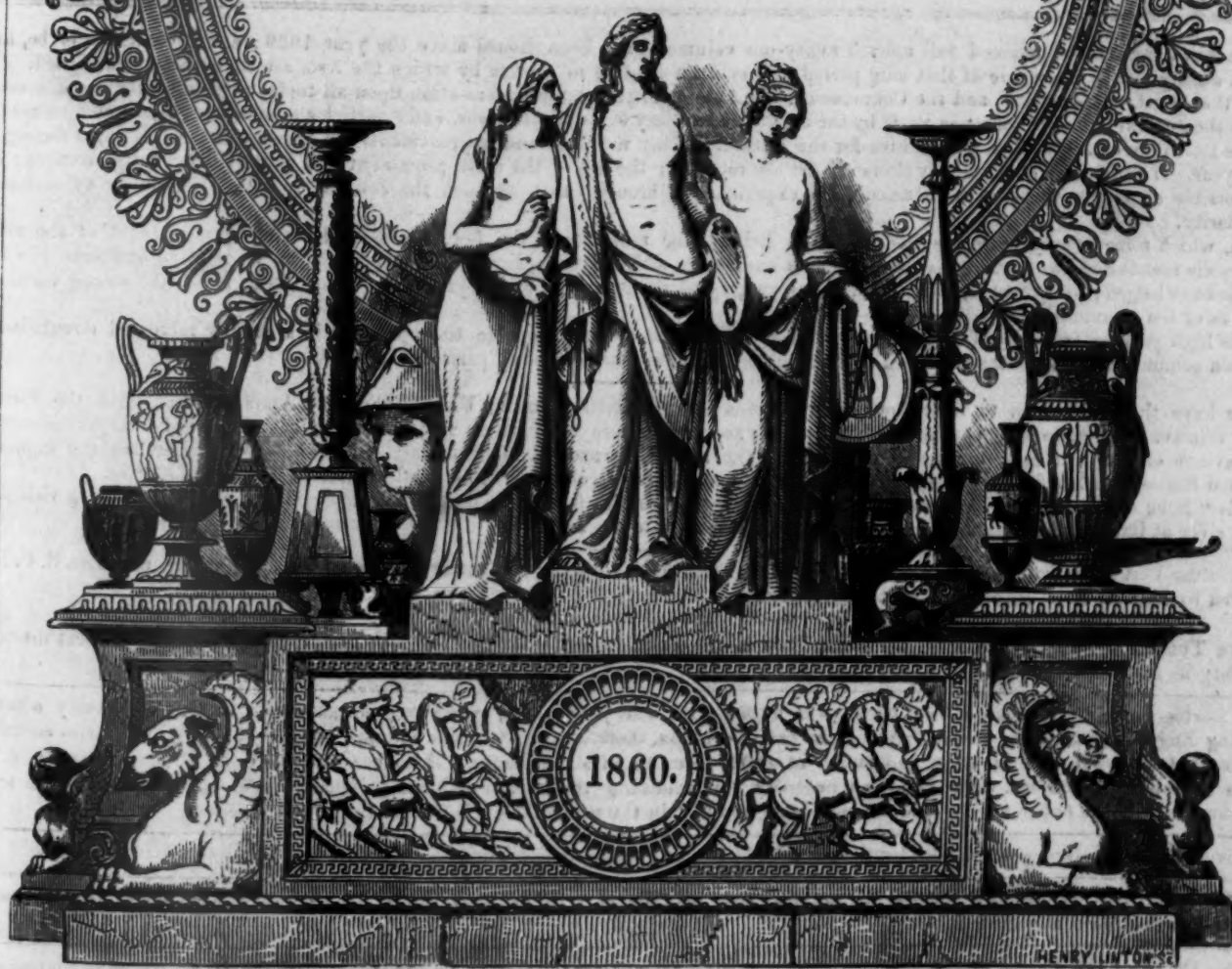
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APRIL.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. ST. CATHERINE. Engraved by F. KNOLLE, from the Picture by DOMENICHINO, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
2. BLINDMAN'S BUFF. Engraved by W. GREATCH, from the Picture by WILKIE, in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.
3. CHASTITY. Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by J. DURHAM.

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The ART-JOURNAL has attained full age: Twenty-one volumes have been issued since the year 1839; and it continues to be, as it has been during nearly the whole of that long period, the only publication in Europe by which the Arts are adequately represented.

To the Artist, the Amateur, and the Connoisseur, the ART-JOURNAL supplies information upon all topics in which they are interested; while to the general public it addresses itself by the beauty and variety of its illustrations, and by articles at once instructive and interesting.

The Past may be accepted as a guarantee for the Future. Many novelties and improvements are introduced into its pages during the present year. The services of the best writers on Art are retained; the aid of the most prominent and accomplished artists secured; and every possible advantage that can be derived from experience is brought to bear upon the Journal, to secure its power by sustaining its popularity.

Art, which some twenty years ago was, in Great Britain, the resource of the few, has now become the enjoyment of the many. Every public institution has learned that to circulate a knowledge of Art is a leading and paramount duty; its refining influence has been largely acknowledged; and there is, consequently, a very general desire to derive enjoyment and instruction from Art among all classes and orders of the community.

This high purpose is achieved by the ART-JOURNAL. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect for it a greatly increased circulation—a circulation commensurate with the advanced and advancing Art-love manifest in all parts of the world.

We have the satisfaction to inform our many friends and subscribers in the United States of America, that with the Part for January commenced a series of papers entitled, "THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA." These papers are largely illustrated by engravings on wood, from sketches and drawings by the author, BENSON J. LOSSING, Esq., whose reputation is among the highest in the United States, and has been established in England by his admirable volumes, "The Battle Fields of America," &c. &c.

This "Book of the Hudson" has been prepared especially for publication in the ART-JOURNAL; with this view Mr. Lossing visited the gigantic river at its source, and is now tracing its course downward to the sea.

With the Part for January was also commenced "THE COMPANION GUIDE, BY RAILWAY, IN SOUTH WALES," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrated by Messrs. J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, Hulme, May, &c.

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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1860.

TWO FOP ARTISTS:
SHERWIN AND COSWAY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



LOOKING through the telescope of my imagination I see, on a February afternoon, in the year 17—, leaning against a superb mantel-piece, in a house in Pall Mall, a little, old, dandy gentleman, a frosty pink about his appley cheeks; standing on a Madame Pompadour rug, amid ivory cabinets, retouched "old masters," and ormolu musical clocks, he looks very self-contented, and supremely happy. Nature has endowed him with such a fall in the back, and such a grace and manner—pardieu! the little old gentleman with the monkey face ought to be happy, and be grateful to Providence,—and he is.

Mat Darley, the scurrilous print-seller, may well caricature our little apish friend in his Strand window as the "Macaroni Miniature Painter." For lo! how he is dressed! He has actually just been to Christie's picture sale in a mulberry silk coat, dotted all over with embroidered scarlet strawberries! He is very grand, indeed, in his sword and bag, and tiny three-cornered hat, balanced on the top of his snow mountain of a powdered *toupée*, and with his black servant—who has published an octavo book on *slavery*—behind him. As he chatted and took snuff with the handsome young Prince of Wales, he looked for all the world like a Dresden china chimney-piece-ornament beau come to life.

This house of his in Pall Mall was once part of the Duke of Schomberg's (the son of the Boyne man). First it was taken by Jarvis, the painter, whom Pope over praised; then by Astley, the painter (Gainsborough was his neighbour), who, at one time, before he married Lady Duckenfield, wore waistcoats formed of his own landscapes; then by quarrelsome Hone; then by the quack Graham, the earth-bath doctor; lastly, by our little fashionable ape friend, Cosway, the fashionable painter, who, in his mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, reigns there over a wealth of old furniture and sham relics. And here, on Sunday nights, he gives his concerts, that quite block up Pall Mall with carriages.

A royal ape he looks, leaning jauntily against a mantel-piece sculptured by Banks, with figures representing the worship of the sun, giving directions to a cringing picture-dealer, who is going to bid for him at a sale.

His rooms are more like a fashionable upholsterer's show-rooms than those of an ordinary mortal. Cabinets of cobweb ivory rest on mosaic tables, studded with jasper, blood-stone, and lapis lazuli; Japan screens, figured with mellow gold, stand against the wall; gold mountains of clocks, that chime like fairy cathedrals, adorn the carved buffets; tables of ormolu and mottled tortoiseshell, delight the senses; great Mandarin jars stand by the windows; Nankin and Dresden china fill the cabinets; Persian carpets, with soft blues and reds, receive the foot, and seem to it like quilts of rose-leaves; the gilt chairs are cushioned with Genoa velvet, stamped and fringed: the place, in fact, is a perfect upholsterer's paradise. Everywhere there are great ebony escritoirs fit for an emperor, inlaid with mother of pearl; and rich caskets, full of antique gems and cameos, fretted with onyxes, opals, and emeralds. His hearth-rugs are bordered with heraldic crests; his hangings of old tapestry are studded with armorial bearings.

But Cosway is also a poetical and credulous antiquarian: he has cups of the times of York and Lancaster, which, he says, belonged to Wolsey; he has the feather of a phoenix, and remembrances of Cromwell—for Cosway is a believer in spiritualism and converse with spirits; and he is a mesmerist, and a Swedenborgian, and pretends to have visits from great men's ghosts (they could not come to a more comfortable house or a better table); and he has armour, fluted suits, and brassarts, and flanchards, and spiked chanfrons, for war-horses, and gigantic tilting lances, and Titanic two-handed swords; and sometimes the gay old ape disports himself in a sham Elizabethan slashed dress—picturesque but ridiculous.

And whence emerged this gay little old butterfly who we find revelling amid china jars, and gilt couches, in this upholsterer's paradise? Old family?—blue blood-royal, bar sinister? Good lack, no! Dirty Dick Cosway, with the monkey face, was originally drudge and errand-boy to the students at Mr. Shipley's drawing-school, in the Strand, where old Nollekens (in Roubiliac and Scheemacker's time) learnt to draw from the statue. He used then to carry in the thick bread and butter, and thin, pale coffee, that the housekeeper provided at the lavish charge of threepence per head. He was found drawing, as all such boys are wont to be found; was taken up by the good-natured students, and instructed till he had learnt to carry off small prizes at the Society of Arts four years running: upon which Dick washed his hands, floured his hair, cleaned his apish face, and engaged himself as teacher at Parr's drawing-school, in the same street, and so rose.

In spare time he drew heads and fancy miniatures for the shops, and grew rich by drawing snuff-box tops for the jewellers, and by jobbing in old pictures which he retouched, not caring a whit for being called "Billy Dimple," or caricatured as the Macaroni painter. It was about this time that he married the daughter of an English hotel-keeper, who lived near Florence, became known to the Regent, and started as a fop of the first water. Who would remember the dirty, clever, impudent little errand-boy at the Strand Drawing Academy in this exquisite, in the mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, in the mountainous *toupée*, and swaying bag? who declares at a Royal Academy dinner that the night before, in a dream, Pitt and Charles I. both appeared to him, and praised his talent as a portrait-painter in the warmest manner, regretting they had not lived to be immortalized by his genius!

Now let me ring the bell that is the signal for drawing up the curtain of my stage, and exhibit another fop artist for your amusement,—and, perhaps, improvement. It is Sherwin,

the Sussex wood-cutter's son, now a fashionable engraver, whose knocker is nearly beaten flat by great people's footmen, who never leave it alone.

We rub the glass of the imaginative telescope clear, and looking again through its crystal circle see a most stupendous beau, but of a somewhat later period than Cosway. Sherwin is not an ape either, but a handsome fellow, who dresses like a mad tailor trying to pass himself off as a fine gentleman. He appears a fashionable Apollo clothed, as to his body, in a blue coat with scarlet lapels, and gilt buttons, large as half-crowns. His white satin shining waistcoat is embroidered with sprigs of jasmine; his trim shape is adorned with black satin small clothes with Bristol stone knee-buckles, that shine like diamonds of Golconda; his silk stockings have drank deep of Scott's liquid azure dye, and are remarkable for Devonshire "clocks;" his long quartered shoes are saddled with large square buckles that cover half the foot; his frills and ruffles are of the finest lace, and lap over and hide the hand once so horny that it could scarcely hold a graver; his hair is pomatumed and powdered with an immense cone of *toupée*, three curls on a side, and tied up in a huge white club behind.

But Sherwin drinks punch, and gambles, and fires pistols out of his windows at midnight, and works only by fits; and we much fear that some day duchess' and countess' footmen will cease beating and anvilting at that clever scamp's knocker, and duns will come instead. Cosway will thrive, I think, and Sherwin go down, though he is so rapid with the burin, and the brush, and the red chalk.

But what led Sherwin from wood-cutting to copper scratching? What led Cosway from running for beer to painting miniatures, we have already shown. What led Sherwin to Art? Why, the strong, warm hand of a kind patron, Mr. Mitford, of the Treasury, drew him into the fashionable world, where he ultimately wrecked, and went to pieces, as many a better barque has done before. He it was who bought his gold medal picture of 'Venus soliciting Vulcan to make armour for her son.' Sherwin painted and engraved portraits equally well, and drew, in red and black chalk, drawings of Court beauties, intending to flatter, but not always doing it with tact,—I suppose because wood-cutting till your hands are horny, may make you fond of fine clothes and grand people, but does not always give you the power of pleasing them.

Yet how skilful that Sussex wood-cutter's son was—how quick of eye, how nimble of hand! It was like legerdmain to see him. In one day and night he drew for Dr. Johnson's friend, Tom Davies, the bookseller, a head of Garrick, for which he received fifteen guineas. After promising it for three months (so his pupil Nollekens Smith tells us), he executed an engraving of Romney's 'Earl of Carlisle' in four days,—and this was a work of Art as beautiful as it was dextrous, and, being privately printed, is thought a great rarity. Poor Mrs. Robinson, the Prince of Wales's victim, when in her fullest beauty, he drew at once, without a sketch, upon the copper—a feat only equalled by that inspired fury that drove Buonarrotti to splinter away from the solid marble without drawing or model. Stately Mrs. Siddons, as the 'Grecian Daughter,' he also photographed on copper with the same brilliant ease. I don't know what the Art dandy could not do; he drew so well, and knew the human body so completely.

How different a life looks seen from the middle, and seen from the end! It seems to give a sort of divinity to a biographer—that power of his of seeing a whole life, from



the cradle to the earth-pit. He smiles sadly at the fop strutting before his looking-glass, knowing, as he does, the death-bed in the garret; he smiles at the squalid task of the boy, when he remembers the splendour of the sunset of that life. The biographer views a life as our guardian angel may do when kissing our pale face in the coffin,—he hovers for a moment above the spot, and thinks of whither his fifty or sixty years' long companion has led him. It is a great power, and should be used in a thoughtful way, or it will be misused.

Let me try and use it in that way, as I scan the achievements of this nimble-fingered artist, from the time he attained fame by his elaborate piece of flattery, called 'The Finding of Moses,' in which he introduced portraits of all the Court ladies. The Princess Royal (imagine the absurdity of an essentially artificial age) was Pharaoh's daughter, and amongst the ladies were Lady Duncannon and her sister, the beautiful electioneering Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Rutland, and Mrs. Townley Ward, whose grand features rather eclipsed this or some other duchess—who, with all her head-tossing, grew offended, and alighted, and tried spitefully to injure the artist, wickedly, and with bad malice enough. At that time patrons were necessary evils, and the offence poor reckless Sherwin gave by preferring beautiful people of no rank to ugly people with rank, led perhaps, indirectly, to his downfall, and his pensioner's death-bed in stormy Cornhill. In the words of Shakspeare—

"His offence was rank—it smelt to Heaven."

When for months the knocker was as noisy as a coppersmith's hammer, Sherwin's pupils had nothing to do but to attend the ladies of title in the painting-room, answer their loud irrational questions, and to unroll engravings before them; while the grand man bent busily and consequentially at his easel, or at the table where he toiled over Poussin's 'Holy Family,' from the Bishop of Peterborough's gallery; at the likeness of Miss Collins, of Winchester; or of Kinnaird, the magistrate, the father of the editor of "Stuart's Athens."

But what use was all this skill when our friend gambled, drank, dressed like a prince, and never worked if he could help it? Was it wonder that that elephantine German tailor, from Wells Street, sat stolidly blocking him for five hours while he dressed upstairs for some levée, leaving it to a chance nobleman entering to pay the bill, and raise the siege? Was it wonder that, being needy, he grew shift, and from being shift, mean, and had to trick old short-sighted engravers, who had worked hard for him, by dressing up lay figures to sit at table and take wine with them, while he stole off to the roulette-table? Tardily would he make up these peccadilloes with impulsive guineas, and charity thrown to poor Vicars of Wakefield, to whom his heart ever softened—as well it might, though no bishop's, swollen with temporal and spiritual pride, would.

One recourse he has for everything—*borrow*. Duns gather round him, like the dogs round Actæon; still he borrows his sop, and throws it them, as hunters throw the pursuing bear—first, a fur glove, then a belt, then a coat, till, at last, naked and bleeding, they themselves are crushed with cruel friendliness to the monster's heart. Gay and reckless, nimble in evasion, still he drank, and threw the dice, disbelieving that, sooner or later, the last day of all folly must come. Yet the sun shone on John Keyse Sherwin, the wood-cutter's son, who, from that rude sort of wood-engraving that consists in decimating elm-tree trunks for the coffin-maker, took to engraving on copper, with some suc-

cess, from 1775 to 1795—twenty years of good fortune, to end with a pauper's bed in Cornhill, and an unknown grave at Hampstead! That blue coat, with the scarlet lapels, was even seen at levées; for Sherwin, after that great man, Woollett's, death, became engraver to the king, and, during that time, bit into the tenacious and retentive ruddy metal, portraits of the Earl of Chatham, and the Marquis of Buckingham (Gainsborough); Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, after Hogarth's friend, fat Friar Payne; Captain Cook, after Dance; and Sir Joshua Reynolds (after himself); as well as the portrait of his predecessor, Woollett: and years of fame in shop-windows, now gone to dust, had these flowing engravings. Yes! they were sold, and framed, and praised, and talked of, while our blue-coated friend, with the jewelled knee-buckles, was drinking and gambling, unconscious that the inexorable iron walls of his life-prison were slowly compressing closer and closer, nearer and nearer, till nothing but the sad death-bed in the Cornhill upper room would be left for him. Woollett had gone to rest under an engraving on stone in St. Pancras churchyard; and the great works of Wilson, that he had executed for Alderman Boydell, when he (Wilson) was struggling, poor and needy, in a squalid court in Leicester Fields, were now the wonder and delight of the *cognoscenti*.

Working with both hands by fits and starts, pale after drunken revels and scurrying flights from duns, Sherwin attained great eminence in his brief day, engraving not only Reynolds's arch 'Fortune Teller,' Stoddart's 'Death of Lord Robert Manners,' and Beretoni's 'Holy Family,' but even the old masters, as Poussin's 'Holy Family,' 'Christ bearing the Cross,' and 'Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen.' And so, with his knocker going all day, in violent and impatient gusts of anger, and with a perpetual rustling of silk and satins on his stairs, let us leave him for a moment to return to our little fop, who, more prudent at first, and generally in life more successful, ended with scarcely less discomfiture,—a paralyzed old man, living humbly (his gorgeous upholsterie paradise all melted from him) in the Edgeware Road.

Cosway we have described beginning life as an errand-boy at Shipley's Drawing Academy, in the Strand (east corner of Castle Street), where Nollekens was a pupil; but Allan Cunningham will have it that he was the son of a Tiverton schoolmaster, of an old Flemish cloth-working family, a branch of whom had property at Combe Willis. His father, says Allan, had some good Flemish pictures, particularly some works of Rubens, and they gave the boy a taste. As to his descent we are rather sceptical; we always observe that the richer a man gets, the greater becomes the number of his ancestors. We have indeed known instances where a man who but last week did not know what trade his grandfather was, to-day exhibits you a parchment roll, carrying the name back to the dark ages, where no one can follow them. Probably he was a poor student, first at Hudson's, then at Shipley's; and, like every artist else, frequented the Duke of Richmond's gallery to study the antique, where Bartolozzi and Cipriani praised the softness and tenderness of his well-drawn figures. It was at this time, when the little fop began to get money by small fancy miniatures and studies for snuff-box tops, that he used to appear at the Artists' Club fresh from a levée, in red heels, bag and sword, when Wilson and rough Hayman (Hogarth's friend and fellow-workman at Vauxhall) would tease him remorselessly. "It used to be the monkey on the bear, but now it is the bear on the monkey," was Wilson's joke, when great drunken Hayman would not,

on one occasion, give the poor little fop a seat at the club: where above, in another room, sat Johnson and all his celebrated friends, "the sapientia," as Wilson used to call them.

No generous quarrels, such as Barry had, for Cosway; no struggle to paint only what his genius dictated, as Wilson. No, Cosway was quite for the "primrose path," that leads to the everlasting Lethe of oblivion. He became a picture jobber, buying cheap and selling very dear; he excelled even Sherwin in chalk drawings, he is so nimble. The little ape swears that he can "knock off" a miniature in three sittings of an hour each, and at times he will boast of having had twelve or thirteen sitters that day alone. The fashionable Lady Racketts, the Lady Oakleys of the time, praise the taste, elegance, spirit, softness, and delicacy, of Cosway's miniatures. He was the Ross, the Thorburn of his day, with a dash of the Lawrence fascination super-added. He is an R.A. too, and attempts real pictures, or as near as he can get—that is, portraits in fancy dresses: a countess and child as Venus and Cupid; a boy marquis as the child St. John the Baptist; somebody something as Rinaldo, and anonymous's wife as Armida; not to forget the Honourable Miss Furbelow as a charming Psyche. "Glossy, dark, and feeble," say angry people; but "charming and elegant," say the Racketts and Oakleys, in loud chattering chorus, for Cosway is as one of themselves, and no mere poor vulgar artist.

I do not wish to be severe, though I am resolute against the universal praise that biographical writers, *coûte qui coûte*, lavish on the subject they spread out on their dissecting tables; yet, between ourselves, I must say that this little fashion-monger, this over-dressed errand-boy, seems to me but a sorry bit of creation, but a poor dwarfed counterfeit of great father Adam. I think I would almost sooner be poor, drunken, dun-tormented Sherwin, with his dash and generosity, than this tame ape, in his mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, pandering to vice and vanity, with his mean, picture-jobbing tricks, and with his microscopic, plausible, perishable, meretricious Art.

It was not, however, alone the tricky grace of Cosway's chalk drawings and miniatures that drew great people to his studio; it was not the fluted armour, and the halberds, and the steel caps, that drew the Walpole Fribbles to Schomberg House; but the concerts of Mrs. Cosway, where all the lions of the season congregated and roared their best. Those concerts brought in miniatures enough to pay them twenty times over; but rich, careless people (if you please them) do not see through trading schemes, and Cosway was a cheery, pleasant little man of cultivated taste: so the Prince Regent (no heart, and very little brain) came to the Pall Mall Sunday evenings, and so did the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the sculptress, the Countess of Aylesbury, Lady Cecilia Johnstone, the Marchioness of Townshend, and such notabilities, the cynosures of Almack's or Carlisle House.

Brilliant must have been, in Cosway's time, I often think, as I stroll down Piccadilly, the running flame of links on those Sunday evenings, when gangs of footmen passed the cry up the stairs of "General Paoli's" (Boswell's friend), or "Lord Erskine's carriage stops the way." Such were the shouts that went vibrating through the corridors of the fashionable painter's house. How dense must have been the throng of "chairs" and the lines of carriages, badged with heraldic inventions. Charming Mrs. Cosway, who was intended for a convent, and only dissuaded from that living death by Angelica Kauffman!—

how beautiful her sketches from Ossian and Spenser, Dante and Virgil, and her miniatures almost equal to her husband's, who will not let her paint for emolument! How delightful the evenings, how perfect the success of *soirées* that please everybody, and bring in so many miniatures! This little man in mulberry silk, with his important, bustling, courtly air, so accurate and elegant, with such a house and wife, and such teeming shoals of friends, such *bijouterie*, such *vertu*, must be entirely happy. Look how he shows that duchess a red chalk drawing, or tells the smiling, radiant prince how Dante appeared to him last night. If there is a happy man in the world it must be Cosway.

Happy indeed! what, behind the scenes?—not he. At cards perhaps till daybreak, and then up in an hour or two, to work all day to make up the foolish loss,—repentant, cholic in his conscience, knowing half the people of the night before despised the "artist fellow" who lived on their vanity; though generous himself, suspecting his best friends; his vanity hurt by the sneers he knew were uttered at his expense. Blow after blow fell on him, as if some Nemesis were determined to whip the offending follies out of him. The prince, becoming Regent, forsook the imprudent painter, who ventured to rhapsodize about the boundless future the French revolution had opened for the world. He was too proud to stoop, or flatter, or condone; and with the prince went other friends, afraid of a man who lived in the shadow of Carlton House. Then his wife's health failed, and nothing but travelling and native Italian air would revive her.

Discomfited, sore, and a trifle crestfallen, the mortified, vain man started off for Flanders and Paris, there to win fresh fashionable triumphs, far removed from the baneful shadow. Rich and vain, he travels like a prince; at Paris he pities the bare walls of the Louvre, and gives some Giulio Romanos of his to the French king, receiving in exchange some rich Gobelin tapestry, which he bestows with gracious forgiveness on the Regent of England. Then he figures at great entertainments, paints the Duchess of Orleans and the Duchess of Polignac, and grandly refuses to take the portraits of the king and queen, because he is in Paris "only for amusement and health;" and this, perhaps, was the crowning audacity of the vain man's life. Refuse the request of a king and queen—entertain a prince—quarrel with him—then forgive him, and send him a regal present! Now may Cosway sing his *Nunc Dimittis*; the miserable desire of his petty life is attained.

But still, with all these fashionable triumphs, to crow over false friends, nothing goes quite right. Maria, "our" wife, returns to England, only to pine again for Italy—to go back and paint the interior of the Louvre, and pictures for convent chapels, and to plan the nun school at Lodi, that after her husband's death she became Superior of. Then a favourite little daughter died, a darling that Cosway had drawn, with a cradle guarded by angels. The only satisfaction of the little vain man—fantastic even in grief—was to have the body embalmed, and keep it in a marble (wine-cooler?) sarcophagus in the drawing-room.

Poor old paralyzed man! what avails thee now thy old masquerading suits of sham Elizabethan dress, in which thy portrait was taken, when thy little apish head was covered with a cap, and huge wandering plumes shadowed thy confident chin and pert, sharp nose? Poor worshipper of heartless fashion! thy eighty years are run out, and soon, not in mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, but in white glazed shroud, and tied-up jaw, thou must follow Death into that dark country where the sun is not!

Yet one thing there is still to praise in this intellectual dwarf—this moral homunculus: with sick wife, with pictures sold off, with extreme old age, with paralyzed hands, he still remains cheerful and confident, backed up still by the imperishable vanity of his fashionable youth. More than eighty years old, he still talked of Fuseli, and Wright of Derby, and Mengs, who knew his wife when she was at Rome; of his friends Bourgeois and Tresham, and the great *dilettante* Townley, who was at his (Cosway's) marriage; and of bad "Syntax," Dr. Coombe, who married his wife's sister. Still imaginative and a spiritualist as ever, he would relate stories of how Praxiteles and Apelles appeared to him, telling him that the English artists should draw carefully, and colour soberly, as he (Cosway) had done; and how Pitt, in a dream, rising from the river Thames, had told him that, "while living, he (Pitt) had discouraged genius, but now he had seen his error. With quiet certainty of immortality, the old paralyzed man would hesitate as to whether he should honour Devon or St. Paul's with his body: now he was all for Devon; then, again, he would lie with Rubens, at Antwerp—Rubens, whom he had honoured and rivalled. But a sermon by Wesley on death rather sobered him; and, one day, following a funeral into Marylebone Church, and seeing the trim vault, and the gilt-mounted neat coffins, he said, "I prefer this to Antwerp or St. Paul's; bury me here." He did not then know anything about the unblushing verses that reprobate "Syntax," Coombe, would write for his epitaph.

One day, Death, without knocking or sending up a card, as respectable people should do at fashionable houses, pushes Mr. Cosway's black footman rudely by, and flings open the door, to allow the fashionable man's dead body to be carried upstairs. In a ripe, foolish old age he has died suddenly in a friend's carriage, on the road to Edgware; and, in a few short months, Painting, Poetry, and Nature—three marble-tomb children—will be beginning their long lamentation for the little old gentleman in the mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, where I suppose they still lament, on the north wall, under the gallery of Marylebone New Church. After much fitful dressing, he sleeps well, but his great blue jars are in other drawing-rooms—his old masters delight other eyes—his bronzes are flown to the four winds. The fool's paradise has faded, even as all our toy Edens fade, when manhood comes, and drives us with harsh whips of reality into the broad, cold world.

And now let the curtain fall also on the more generous, and therefore more imprudent, fop. Let crape after crape darken over his blue coat and gilt buttons, as we sketch him falling from bad to worse. Duns swarm round him, and prevent all visits to levées of fashionables, like Sir Brooke Boothby. Sherwin becomes wilder and more idle, loses work, gets a bad name with booksellers, grows careless, sottish, and, at last, worn out in body and mind, dies at the house of a print-seller in Cornhill, who generously remembers his halcyon days, and who buries the poor prodigal at Hampstead, out in the quiet, pure air. There he lies now, in that quiet house of correction for such mistempered spirits—the GRAVE—almost forgotten, even by old printsellers, but as a dextrous and graceful engraver. Yet, though his celebrity, at this calm distance of time, seems undeserved, we may still pity a weak man's misfortunes.

But let us put out the light, and close the door of the vault on the two fops, not without a word of moral, to serve as burial service. Here were two immortals, sent into a world, winged with genius, and gifted with all the enchantments of Art. They were sent here to teach, to improve, to warn the world: and what did they do?—put on mulberry silks,

and diamond buckles, and satin smallclothes, and spent their lives bowing, and sliding, and crying "encore," and complimenting Lady Somebody Something's complexion, and getting deservedly shunned and tormented, as they deserved, for such mean ambitions. To me they appear fluttering across a lamp-lit part of the stage of life, passing from dark to dark; or like two gaudy dragon-flies, that, emerging from the chrysalis, have scarcely flashed twice, like fairy shuttles, across the stream of life, than they are snapped and swallowed by that great black, watchful pike, who will in time swallow us all one by one—I mean DEATH.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 8.—SIR AUGUSTUS W. CALLCOTT, R.A.

SIR AUGUSTUS CALLCOTT was a somewhat stately personage, who spoke in rather a measured and sententious way, without any appearance of severity, but as if he were not to be approached without leave. His character was truly what might be called sage and gentlemanly. There was a manner about him which indicated a degree of coldness; at the same time you could not avoid being impressed with an idea assuring you of his good sense, and highly favourable to his good-heartedness. In person Callcott was tall and stout, with an upright and manly bearing, which never failed to make his presence impressive. He had a fine head, with a scattering of thin grey hair that had once been dark, with overhanging eyebrows and a quick, steady eye, reflective but not penetrating; his nose was delicate in form, and his mouth and chin well-shaped and full. His face was not expressive, and his manner of address a good deal subdued, with voice soft and low. He had married Maria Graham, the writer on India, &c., and his manner formed a strong contrast with that of his talented partner, whose lively talk, in French or Italian, upon any subject that turned up, never failed to excite surprise, attention, and interest. It was not my good fortune, living at a distance from London, often to be thrown into his society; but during some years I was an occasional visitor at his house, at Kensington, and had opportunities of forming an idea of the character and extent of his mind and acquirements, as well within, as without, the pale of Art. A social and a hospitable feeling was found in his house, by which many intelligent people were brought together, and the utmost freedom and ease prevailed. Callcott always spoke in a quiet and guarded manner, and, apparently, with a little reserve. I found it was seldom that you could get an off-hand opinion from him; it appeared, upon other subjects than that of Art, that something still remained behind, and that he had not told you all he had to say upon the subject on which you were speaking. If you returned to it and inquired again, it was the same, even when you were impressed with the notion that he desired to give you what information he could.

Callcott had one great peculiarity as a painter,—you were never asked into his painting-room. If you spoke of anything he had in hand, he would step into his studio and fetch it, and show it freely, and endeavour to provoke criticism, but he would never ask you in. This was always his practice with me; I understood it was the same with others, and I never heard of exceptions. In this respect he was the very opposite of Lawrence, Wilkie, Beechey, and I fancy of most other members of the profession. Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is said, did the same; none of his brothers in Art ever entered his *sanctorum*. Wherever this is the case secrecy is supposed to exist, more in connection with processes, nostrums, and pigments, than in any other way. In Reynolds's case, as the present practice of Art proves, it was well to do so, in order that the mischief of the means employed might not extend beyond himself. In Callcott, however, there appeared no plea of the sort, as nothing could seem more simple, judging from his works, than the method he pursued in the mechanical department of his Art. It was a very different case

with Turner, whose processes in Art nobody appears to have got at: they were as exclusive and as impenetrable as himself, who presented to his brothers, and to the world, a character armed with the hide of the rhinoceros.

I remember being present on the varnishing day at the British Gallery, the year that Turner exhibited his picture of the 'Burning of the Houses of Parliament.' Turner who, as he boasted, could outwork and kill any painter alive, was there, and at work at his picture, before I came, having set to at the earliest hour allowed. Indeed it was quite necessary to make the best of his time, as the picture when sent in was a mere dab of several colours, and "without form and void," like chaos before the creation. The managers knew that a picture would be sent there, and would not have hesitated, knowing to whom it belonged, to have received and hung up a bare canvas, than which this was but little better. Such a magician, performing his incantations in public, was an object of interest and attraction. Etty was working by his side, touching one of his pretty pictures, and every now and then a word and a quiet laugh emanated and passed between the two great painters. Little Etty stepped back every now and then to look at the effect of his picture, lolling his head on one side and half closing his eyes, and sometimes speaking to some one near him, after the approved manner of painters: but not so Turner; for the three hours I was there—and I understood it had been the same since he began in the morning—he never ceased to work, or even once looked or turned from the wall on which his picture hung. All lookers-on were amused by the figure Turner exhibited in himself, and the process he was pursuing with his picture. A small box of colours, a few very small brushes, and a vial or two, were at his feet, very inconveniently placed; but his short figure, stooping, enabled him to reach what he wanted very readily. Leaning forward and sideways over to the right, the left-hand metal button of his blue coat rose six inches higher than the right, and his head buried in his shoulders and held down, presented an aspect curious to all beholders, who whispered their remarks to each other, and quietly laughed to themselves. In one part of the mysterious proceedings Turner, who worked almost entirely with his palette knife, was observed to be rolling and spreading a lump of half-transparent stuff over his picture, the size of a finger in length and thickness. As Calcott was looking on I ventured to say to him, "What is that he is plastering his picture with?" to which inquiry it was replied, "I should be sorry to be the man to ask him." All who heard the reply appeared to echo the remark in their looks, and to satisfy themselves as well as they could, without making the venture that by general consent appeared to be a dangerous experiment. Presently the work was finished: Turner gathered his tools together, put them into and shut up the box, and then, with his face still turned to the wall, and at the same distance from it, went sideling off, without speaking a word to anybody, and when he came to the staircase, in the centre of the room, hurried down as fast as he could. All looked with a half-wondering smile, and Maelise, who stood near, remarked, "There, that's masterly, he does not stop to look at his work; he knows it is done, and he is off."

Perhaps the style of Calcott was marked with as few peculiarities as that of any painter. Indeed, it appears to me to want something to distinguish it. It is good, honest, manly painting, representing things as they are in themselves, and as they appear under ordinary circumstances—effects of light, shadow, and colour, with very little indeed of accidentality, novelty, or what is striking in any particular. It is everywhere "a plain unvarnished tale," plainly told, quiet and satisfactory. His skies are every-day, calm, and commonplace; his mountains repose in friendly sympathy with the trees, that seem to be well-grown and respectable timber; and his seas and rivers repose in their beds, or run on as they ought to do. Everything is in its proper place—ships, boats, cottages, men, and animals—and no disturbance or discrepancies are found amongst them. Calcott's works are emblems of himself—age, gentlemanly, and sedate. They belong slightly to the old school of Art, and what poor Muller used to call "the tree-in-the-corner men;" they, however, are above that, even though they do not rise to the highest of

landscape aspirations; and I do not remember in any instance an attempt to treat poetically, or out of the ordinary way, any subject whatever. The widest departure from the beaten course, and the highest flight into the poetic, or the regions of another branch of Art, is the excellent picture representing 'Raphael and the Fornarina.' This work I saw in progress as well as in its complete state. It is of a character which would have done honour to any artist, whose whole life had been spent in the study and representation of the human character. In fact, there are very few men indeed, among such as practised in that style of Art, who could have produced a work so well-drawn, so characteristic, and so full of the sentiment required by the subject. The figure of Raphael is a good echo of the pictures that exist of him, with, perhaps, too subdued an expression for the occasion; while that of his mistress is a good embodiment and type of the Roman women of the class to which she belonged. I question whether any picture ever produced in this country, and by modern Art, has higher claims to rank among those on which our national honour rests as producers in the higher branches of Art, than this. It is still more remarkable as the production of a landscape painter, and almost leads one to suppose that Calcott had mistaken his forte, or been diverted from it by some accident. This supposition receives strength from two circumstances which it may not be amiss to mention. There was, at the time I refer to, a gentleman living at Bristol, a surgeon, and a man of a highly cultivated mind, of the name of Gold, whose power as an artist far transcended any I have ever known possessed by anybody. This is not an unsupported assertion, since there are designs and drawings left, scattered about in that part of the country, of such a character of greatness and grandeur in conception as do not exist elsewhere in the world. He attempted one or two oil pictures, and finding himself not at home in the processes, was, unfortunately for Art, led to consult Calcott upon the subject. Of course Calcott spoke honestly: he talked of the difficulties, the labours, and the long time that must be devoted to the mere mechanical part of the art, to master it; and Gold, depending (in this case certainly) upon as frail authority as could be found, lost all heart, took disgust, studied and mastered the Persian language, a task of a million times greater difficulty, entered the service of the East India Company, went out and died.

The highly respectable, tame, and quiet style of Calcott was certainly strongly opposed to the grand and the terrible that belonged to Gold, and to this the world has to attribute the loss of one of the most promising spirits that have ever appeared upon earth. Upon some remarks I made on a fine portrait he had painted of the intelligent head of Lady Calcott, as well as upon the picture of Raphael and the Fornarina, which then stood before us, and the expression of surprise that he did not oftener indulge in such kind of productions, he astonished me by remarking, "What would my brothers in that branch of Art say to me if they found me too often intruding upon their province?" I hope, for the honour of the profession, that this is as groundless an imputation as the spectre of difficulty, which frightened poor Gold from the domain of Art, is, in all cases, found to be a reality.

I have in a former paper referred to the early pictures of Wilkie, and the mysterious fact that the first production of his pencil betrayed not the slightest evidence of his natural powers. I wish by this fact to illustrate and to make apparent that the faculty of criticism, exercised by anybody, regardless of all acquirements as well as all consequences, is the most difficult and dangerous to which men, wanting the necessary information, can aspire, or which they may venture to practise.

[Calcott's life, as do also his pictures, presents no very striking character: born in circumstances which called for no especial manifestation of such qualities as are required by those who have to fight arduously the battle of life, and to acquire knowledge under difficulties, he rose gradually into reputation, and pursued the even tenor of his way, admired for his talents as an artist, and respected for his inestimable private character. His pictures are beautiful, because they are natural.—Ed. A.-J.]

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ST. CATHERINE.

Domenichino, Painter. F. Knolle, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 2 in. by 2 ft. 8 in.

ST. CATHERINE, a popular saint of the Romish Church, was also a favourite subject with the old Italian painters. The one was, in all probability, the natural consequence of the other; for the artists were always ready to meet the demands made upon their talents by the heads of religious establishments, who were, in truth, their most liberal, if not always their most enlightened, patrons; for, as a rule, it may be observed, that the majority of the finest ancient works of Art were either executed for, or purchased by, ecclesiastics, either individually or collectively. The legend of the history of St. Catherine is, that she was of a noble family of Alexandria, and after being fully instructed in literature and the sciences, was subsequently converted to Christianity. By order of the Emperor Maximianus, she disputed with fifty heathen philosophers, whom she not only silenced by her arguments and eloquence, but so satisfied them of the truth of her own faith that they all embraced it, and, as a consequence, suffered martyrdom; she herself soon after meeting the same untimely fate. The emperor condemned her to be crushed between massive wheels of iron, into which sharp blades were inserted. The wheels, however, were broken asunder by some mysterious agency; and all other modes of death to which she was subjected having failed, St. Catherine was at length beheaded, in the year 310, at the youthful age of eighteen; from this circumstance, and her great learning, she is classified in the calends of the Romish Church as the patron saint of philosophy, literature, and the schools. After her death, she was, according to the legend, carried by angels to Mount Sinai. An exquisitely beautiful picture of her transportation has been painted by Mücke, a modern German artist. The composition is well known in this country through a fine print.

There are other saints of this name, of whom the most important are St. Catherine of Bologna, who is generally represented as holding the infant Jesus; St. Catherine of Sweden, who bears the insignia of royalty, and leads a hind; St. Catherine of Siena, whose hands show the marks of the nails which pierced the Saviour—she carries a crucifix.

The pictures of St. Catherine of Alexandria—who stands first on the list of the saints of that name—may be classed under three heads: those which represent her either as patron, saint, or martyr; those in which she is made a principal figure, appearing as the bride of Christ; and those in which she is disputing with the fifty heathen philosophers: the last are very rare. Of the first class we have a beautiful example, by Raffaele, in our National Gallery; and the Louvre, in Paris, possesses a fine specimen, by Correggio, of the second class. When represented as a single figure, the martyred virgin is usually seen in company with the instruments of her torture and death—the wheel and the sword. "St. Catherine's Wheel," as the sign of an inn, is not unknown in Protestant England, even in our own time.

Domenichino's picture is a work that challenges admiration by the inspired devotional character of the face; this is beautiful, both in feature and expression. What softness, intelligence, and faith are in her upturned eyes; and how admirable is the drawing of each separate part of the figure! On her head is the crown of martyrdom, in her right hand she holds a branch of palm, the emblem of Christian victory; on the third finger of the left hand is the ring, significant of the mystic marriage; and behind her is the wheel. The draperies are arranged in that bold yet graceful manner which the painter learned in the school of the Caracci. When we look at such pictures, and remember that they were the only books—so to speak—which the unlettered of past ages had for their guidance in spiritual matters, one cannot feel surprised at the devotional interest the works of the mediæval painters excited in the popular mind. The engraver of the plate, M. Knolle, holds a very high rank on the continent, and occupies the professor's chair in the School of Brunswick.

The picture is at Windsor Castle.



DOMENICHO, PINXT

F. KNOLL, SCULPT

ST CATHERINE.

(DOMENICHO)

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VINTAGE

5 AP60

THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART IV.



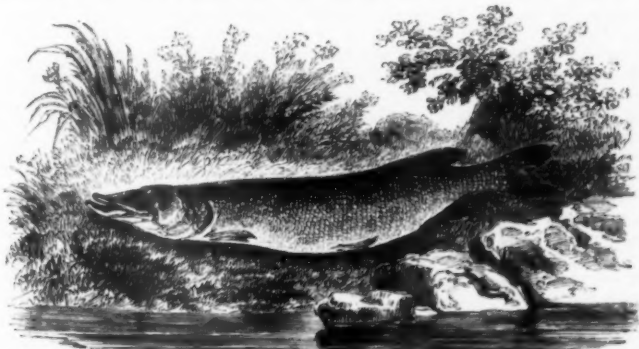
WE started for Luzerne after an early dinner, crossing on our way the "French field," whereon Dieskau disposed his troops for action. We then entered the woods, and our route of eleven miles lay through a highly picturesque country, partially cultivated, among the hills, and following the old Indian war-path from the Sacandaga to Lake George. As we approached Luzerne, the country spread into a high plain, as at Warrensburg, on the southern margin of which, overlooked by lofty hills, lies Luzerne Lake. We passed it on our left, and then went down quite a steep and winding way into the village, on the bank of the Hudson, and found an excellent home at Rockwell's spacious inn. We have seldom seen a village more picturesquely situated than this. It is about seventy miles from the Adirondack village, and on the borders of the great wilderness, where game and fish abound; and for a quiet place of summer resort, can hardly be surpassed. It lies at the foot of a high bluff, down which flows in cascades the outlet of Luzerne Lake, and leaps into the Hudson, which here makes a magnificent sweep before rushing, in narrow channel and foaming rapids between high rocky banks, to receive the equally turbulent waters of the Sacandaga, just below. That place the Indians called *Tio-sa-ron-da*, the "Meeting of the



FALLS AT LUZERNE.

Waters." Twenty years ago, there were several mills at the head of these falls: a flood swept them away, and they have never been rebuilt.

The rapids at Luzerne, which form a fall of about eighteen feet, bear the name of Jesup's Little Falls, to distinguish them from Jesup's Great Falls, five miles below; both being included in patents granted to Ebenezer Jesup, who, with a family of Fairchilds, settled there before the Revolution, when Luzerne was



MASQUE ALONGE.

called Westfield. These settlers espoused the cause of the king, and because of their depredations upon their whig neighbours, became very obnoxious. They held intercourse with the loyal Scotch Highlanders, who were under the influence of the Johnsons and other royalists in the Mohawk valley, and acted

as spies and informants for the enemies of republicanism. In the summer of 1777, while Burgoyne was making his way toward Albany, Colonel St. Leger penetrated the upper Mohawk valley, and laid siege to Fort Schuyler. On one occasion, he sent Indian messengers to the Fairchilds, who took the old trail through the Sacandaga valley, by way of the Fish House, owned by Sir William Johnson. When they approached *Tio-sa-ron-da* (Luzerne), they were discovered and pursued by a party of republicans; and one of them, close pressed, leaped the Hudson, at the foot of Jesup's Little Falls, the high wooded banks then approaching within twenty-five feet of each other. He escaped, took the trail to Lake George, and pushed on to Skenesborough (now Whitehall), where he found Burgoyne. Soon after this, a small party of republican troops, sent by General Gates, not succeeding in capturing these royalists at Westfield, laid waste the settlement.

Luzerne Lake, lying many feet above the village, is a beautiful little sheet of water, with a single small island upon its bosom. It is the larger of a series of four lakes, extending back to within five miles of Lake George. It abounds with fine fish, the largest and most delicious being the *Masque alonge*, a species of pike or pickerel, which is also found in the Upper Hudson, and all over northern New York. One was caught in the lake, and brought to Rockwell's, on the morning of our departure, which weighed between five and six pounds.*

On the northern shore of Luzerne Lake, where the villas of Benjamin C. Butler and J. Leati, Esqs. (seen in the picture), stand, was the ancient gathering



LUZERNE LAKE.

place of the Indians in council. Here was the fork of the great Sacandaga and Oneida trail, one branch extending to Lake George and the northern country, and the other to Fort Edward and the more southern country. All around the lake and village are ranges of lofty hills, filled with iron ore. On the west is the Kayaderoseros range, extending from Ballston to the Adirondacks; and on the east the Luzerne range, stretching from Saratoga Springs to the western shores of Lake George. Four miles north of the village is a hemispherical mountain, eight hundred feet in height, rocky and bald, which the Indians called *Se-nong-wah*, the Great Upright Pot.

The Sacandaga is the largest tributary of the Mohawk, and comes down seventy-five miles from the north-west, out of lakes and ponds in the wilderness of Hamilton County. Its confluence with its receptacle is at the head of a very beautiful valley, that terminates at Luzerne. It comes sweeping around the bases of high hills with a rapid current, and rushes swiftly into the Hudson,



CONFLUENCE OF THE HUDSON AND SACANDAGA.

where the latter has become deep and sluggish after its commotion at the falls above. Down that valley we rode, with the river in view all the way to the village of Corinth, at the head of the long rapids above Jesup's Great Falls, the *Kah-che-bon-cook* of the Indians. These were formerly known as the Hadley Falls. They are now called Palmer's Falls, the land on each side of the river being in possession of Beriah Palmer and others, who are constructing extensive works for manufacturing purposes. The water-power there, even at

* The *Masque alonge* (*Ersox ester*) derived its name from the peculiar formation of its mouth and head. The French called it *Masque alonge*, or *Long-face*. It is the largest of the pickerel species: some have been caught among the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay, on its southern shore, weighing fifty pounds, and measuring five feet in length. It is the most voracious of fresh-water fish.

the very low stage of the river, as when we visited it, has been estimated to be equal to fifteen thousand horse-power. They have laid out a village, with a public square and fountain, and are preparing for industrial operations far greater than at any point so far up the Hudson. It is only sixteen miles north of Saratoga Springs.

We followed a path down the margin of the roaring stream some distance, and, returning, took a rough road which led to the foot of the Great Fall. From Jeap's landing to this point, a distance of more than a mile, the river descends about one hundred and twenty feet, in some places rushing wildly through rocky gorges from eighty to one hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular fall is seventy-five feet. We did not see it in its grandeur, the river was so low. From its course back, some distance, the stream was choked with thousands of logs that had come down from the wilderness and lodged there.



KAM-CHE-BON-COOK, OR JESUP'S GREAT FALLS.

They lay in a mass, in every conceivable position, to the depth of many feet, and so filled the river as to form a safe, though rough bridge, for us to cross. Between this point and Glen's Falls, thirteen miles distant by the nearest road, the Hudson makes a grand sweep among lofty and rugged hills of the Luzerne range, and flows into a sandy plain a few miles above the latter village. We did not follow its course, but took that nearest road, for the day was waning. Over mountains and through valleys, catching glimpses of the river here and there, we travelled that bright afternoon in early autumn, our eyes resting only upon near objects most of the time, until we reached the summit of a lofty hill, nine miles from Glen's Falls. There a revelation of beauty, not easily described, burst upon the vision. Looking over and beyond the minor hills through an opening in the Luzerne range, we saw the Green Mountains of Vermont in the far distance, bathed in shadowy splendour; and all the intervening country, with its villages and farm-houses, lay before us. The spires and white houses of Glen's Falls appeared so near, that we anticipated a speedy



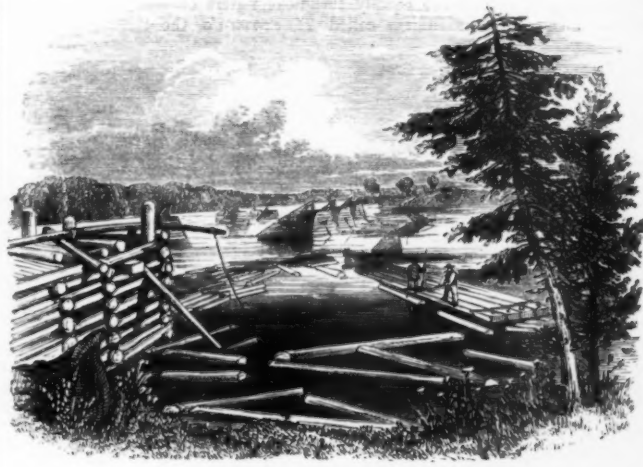
THE HUDSON NEAR THE QUEENSBURY LINE.

end to our day's journey. That vision was enjoyed but for a few moments, for we were soon again among the tangled hills. But another appeared to charm us. We had just commenced the descent of a mountain, along whose brow lies the dividing line between the towns of Luzerne and Queensbury, when a sudden turn in the road revealed a deep, narrow valley far below us, with the Hudson sweeping through it with rapid current. The sun's last rays had left that valley, and the shadows were deepening along the waters as we descended to their margin. Twilight was drawing its delicate veil over the face of nature, when we reached the plain just mentioned, and the night had closed in when we arrived at the village of Glen's Falls. We had hoped to reach there in time to visit the State Dam, and the Great Boom, which span the Hudson at separate points, a few miles above the falls, but were compelled to forego that pleasure until morning.

We were now fairly out of the wilderness in which the Hudson rises, and through which it flows for a hundred miles; and here our little party was broken by the departure of Mr. Buckingham for home. Mrs. Lossing and myself lingered at Glen's Falls and at Fort Edward, five miles below, a day or two longer, for the purpose of visiting objects of interest in their vicinity, a description of which will be given as we proceed with our notes. A brief notice of the State Dam and Great Boom, just mentioned, seems necessary.

The dam is about two and a-half miles above Glen's Falls. It was constructed about fifteen years ago, to furnish water for the feeder of the canal which connects the Hudson river and Lake Champlain. It is sixteen hundred feet in length; and the mills near it have attracted a population sufficient to constitute quite a village, named State Dam. About two miles above this dyke is the Great Boom, thrown across the river for the purpose of catching all the logs that come floating from above. It is made of heavy, hewn timbers, four of them bolted together raft-wise. The ends of the groups are connected by chains, which work over friction rollers, to allow the boom to accommodate itself to the motion of the water. Each end of the boom is secured to a heavy abutment by chains; and above it are strong triangular structures to break the ice, to serve as anchors for the boom, and to operate as shields to prevent the logs striking the boom with the full speed of the current. At times, immense numbers of logs collect above this boom, filling the river for two or three miles. Last spring (1859) at least half a million of logs were collected there, ready to be taken into small side-booms, assorted by the owners according to their private marks, and sent down to Glen's Falls, Sandy Hill, or Fort Edward, to be sawed into boards at the former places, or made into rafts at the latter, for a voyage down the river. Heavy rains and melting snows filled the river to overflowing. The great boom snapped asunder, and the half million of logs went rushing down the stream, defying every barrier. The country below was flooded by the swollen river; and we saw thousands of the logs scattered over the valley of the Hudson from Fort Edward to Troy.

We have taken leave of the wilderness. Henceforth our path will be where the Hudson flows through cultivated plains, along the margins of gentle slopes, of rocky headlands, and of lofty hills; by the cottages of the humble, and the



THE GREAT BOOM.

mansions of the wealthy; by pleasant hamlets, through thriving villages, ambitious cities, and the marts of trade and commerce.

Unlike the rivers of the elder world, famous in the history of men, the Hudson presents no grey and crumbling monuments of the ruder civilizations of the past, or even of the barbaric life so recently dwelling upon its borders. It can boast of no rude tower or mouldering wall, clustered with historical associations that have been gathering around them for centuries. It has no fine old castles in glory, or in ruins, with visions of romance pictured in their dim shadows; no splendid abbeys or cathedrals, in grandeur or decay, from which emanate an aura of religious memories. Nor can it boast of mansions or ancestral halls wherein a line of heroes have been born, or illustrious families have lived and died, generation after generation. Upon its banks not a vestige of feudal power may be seen, because no citadel of great wrongs ever rested there. The dead PAST has left scarcely a record upon its shores. It is full of the living PRESENT, illustrating by its general aspect the free thought and free action which are giving strength and solidity to the young and vigorous nation within whose bosom its bright waters flow.

Yet the Hudson is not without a history—a history brilliant in some respects, and in all interesting, not only to the American, but to the whole civilized world. From the spot where we now stand—the turbulent Glen's Falls—to the sea, the banks of the beautiful river have voices innumerable for the ear of the patient listener; telling of joy and woe, of love and beauty, of noble heroism, and more noble fortitude, of glory, and high renown, worthy of the sweetest cadences of the minstrel, the glowing numbers of the poet, the deepest investigations of the philosopher, and the gravest records of the historian. Let us listen to those voices.

Glen's Falls consist of a series of rapids and cascades, along a descent of about eighty feet, the water flowing over ragged masses of black marble, which here form the bed and banks of the river. Hawk-eye, in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," has given an admirable description of these falls, as they appeared before the works of man changed their features. He is standing in a

cavern, or irregular arched way, in the rock below the bridge,* in the time of the old French war, with Uncas and Major Heywood, and Cora and Alice Munro, the daughters of the commandant at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, when Montcalm with his motley horde of French and Indians was approaching. "Ay," he said, "there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock, and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all: sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there it skips—here it shoots; in one place 'tis as white as snow, and in another 'tis as green as grass; hereabouts, it pitches into deep hollows, that rumble and quake the earth, and thereaway it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gullies in the old stone, as if 'twere no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems disconcerted. First, it runs smoothly, as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores; nor are there places wanting where it looks backward, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt!"

The falls had few of these features when we visited them. The volume of water was so small that the stream was almost hidden in the deep channels in the rock worn by the current during the lapse of centuries. No picture could then be made to give an adequate idea of the cascades when the river is full, and I contented myself with making a sketch of the scene below the bridge, at the foot of the falls, from the water-side entrance to the cavern alluded to. A fine sepia drawing, by the late Mr. Bartlett, which I found subsequently among some original sketches in my possession, supplies the omission. The engraving from it gives a perfect idea of the appearance of the falls when the river is at its usual height.

The Indians gave this place the significant name of *Che-pon-tuc*—meaning a difficult place to get around. The white man first called the cascades Wing's Falls, in honour of Abraham Wing, who, with others from Dutchess County, New York, settled there under a grant from the Crown, about a hundred years ago. Many years afterwards, when Wing was dead, and his son was in possession of the falls and the adjacent lands, a convivial party assembled at table in the tavern there, which formed the germ of the present village of nearly four thousand inhabitants. Among them was Mr. Wing; also John Glen, a man of fortune, who lived on the south side of the river. The wine circulated freely, and it ruled the wit of the hour. Under its influence, Wing agreed to transfer to Glen the right of name to the falls, on condition that the latter should pay for the supper of the company. Glen immediately posted handbills along the bridle-path from the Wing's to Schenectada and Albany, announcing the change in the name of the falls; and ever since they have been

At Sandy Hill the Hudson makes a magnificent sweep, in a curve, when changing its course from an easterly to a southerly direction; and a little below that village it is broken into wild cascades, which have been named Baker's Falls. Sandy Hill, like the borough of Glen's Falls, stands upon a high plain, and is a very beautiful village, of about thirteen hundred inhabitants. In its centre is a shaded green, which tradition points to as the spot where a tragedy was enacted a century ago, some incidents of which remind us of the romantic but truthful story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, in Virginia. The time of the tragedy was during the old French war, and the chief actor was a young Albanian, son of Sybrant Quackenboss, one of the



BELOW THE BRIDGE AT GLEN'S FALLS.

sturdy Dutch burghers of that old city. The young man was betrothed to a maiden of the same city; the marriage day was fixed, and preparations for the nuptials were nearly completed, when he was impressed into the military service as a waggoner, and required to convey a load of provisions from Albany to Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George. He had passed Fort Edward, with an escort of sixteen men, under Lieutenant McGinnis, of New Hampshire, and was making his way through the gloomy forest at the bend of the Hudson, when they were attacked, overpowered, and disarmed by a party of French Indians, under the famous partizan, Marin. The prisoners were taken to the trunk of a fallen tree, and seated upon it in a row. The captors then started toward Fort Edward, leaving the helpless captives strongly bound with green withes, in charge of two or three stalwart warriors, and their *squaws* or wives. In the course of an hour the party returned. Young Quackenboss was seated at one end of the log, and Lieutenant McGinnis next him. The savages held a brief consultation, and then one of them, with a glittering tomahawk, went to the end of the log opposite Quackenboss, and deliberately sank his weapon in the brain of the nearest soldier. He fell dead upon the ground. The second shared a like fate; then a third, and so on, until all were slain but McGinnis and Quackenboss. The tomahawk was raised to cleave the skull of the former, when he threw himself suddenly backward from the log, and attempted to break his bonds. In an instant a dozen tomahawks gleamed over his head. For a while he defended himself with his heels, lying upon his back; but after being severely hewn with their hatchets, he was killed by a blow. Quackenboss alone remained of the seventeen. As the fatal steel was about to fall upon his head, the arm of the savage executioner was arrested by a squaw, who exclaimed, "You shan't kill him! He's no fighter! He's my dog!" He was spared, and unbound; and, staggering under a pack of plunder almost too heavy for him to sustain, he was marched towards Canada, as a prisoner, the Indians bearing the scalps of his murdered fellow captives as trophies. They went down Lake Champlain in canoes, and at the first Indian village, after reaching its foot, he was compelled to run the gauntlet between rows of savage men armed with clubs. In this terrible ordeal he was severely wounded. His Indian mistress then took him to her wigwam, bound up his wounds, and carefully nursed him until he was fully recovered. The Governor of Canada ransomed him, took him to Montreal, and there he was employed as a weaver. He obtained the governor's permission to write to his parents to inform them of his fate. The letter was carried by an Indian as near Fort Edward as he dared to approach, when he placed it in a split stick, near a frequented path, in the forest. It was found, was conveyed to Albany, and gave great joy to his friends. He remained in Canada three years, when he returned, married his affianced, and died in Washington County, in the year 1820, at the age of eighty-three years.

Baker's Falls are about half-way between Sandy Hill and Fort Edward. The river is about four hundred feet in width, and the entire descent of the water, in the course of a mile, is between seventy and eighty feet. As at Glen's Falls, the course of the river is made irregular by huge masses of rocks, and it rushes in foaming cascades to the chasm below. The best view is from the foot of the falls, but as these could not be reached from the eastern side, on which the paper-mills stand, without much difficulty, and some danger, I sketched a less imposing view from the high rocky bank on their eastern margin. This affords a glimpse of the mill-dam above the great fall, the village of Sandy Hill in the distance, and the piers of a projected railway bridge in the stream at the great bend. The direction of the railway was changed after these piers were built at a heavy expense, and they remain as monuments of caprice, or of something still less commendable.



GLEN'S FALLS.

known as Glen's Falls. For a "mess of pottage" the young man sold his family birth-right to immortality.

Glen's Falls village is beautifully situated upon a plain on the north side of the river, and occupies a conspicuous place in the trade and travel of that section of the State. The water-power there is very great, and is used extensively for flouring and lumber mills. The surplus water supplies a navigable feeder to the Champlain Canal, that connects Lake Champlain with the Hudson. There are also several mills for slabbing the fine black marble of that locality for the construction of chimney-pieces, and for other uses. These various mills mar the natural beauty of the scene, but their uncouth and irregular forms give picturesqueness to the view. The bridge crosses just at the foot of the falls. It rests upon abutments of strong masonry at each end, and a pier in the middle, which is seated upon the caverned rock, once in the bed of the stream. The channel on the southern side has been closed by an abutment, and one of the chambers of the cavern, made memorable by Cooper, is completely shut. When we were there, huge logs nearly filled the upper entrance to it. Below the bridge the shores are black marble, beautifully stratified, perpendicular, and, in some places, seventy feet in height. Between these walls the water runs with a swift current, for nearly a mile, and finally, at Sandy Hill, three miles below, is broken into rapids.

* A view of this cavern is seen at the head of this chapter. The spectator is supposed to be within it, and looking out upon the river and the opposite bank.

Fort Edward, five miles below Glen's Falls, by the river's course, was earliest known as the great carrying place, it being the point of overland departure for Lake Champlain, across the isthmus of five-and-twenty miles. It has occupied an important position in the history of New York from an early period, and is now a very thriving village of about two thousand inhabitants.

In the year 1696, the unscrupulous Governor Fletcher granted to one of his favourites, whom he styled "our Loving Subject, the Reverend Godfridus Dellius, Minister of the Gospel at our city of Albany," a tract of land lying upon the east side of the Hudson, between the northernmost bounds of the Saratoga patent, and a point on Lake Champlain, a distance of seventy miles, with an average width of twelve miles. For this domain the worldly-minded clergyman was required, in the language of the grant, to pay, "on the feast-day of the Annunciation of our blessed Virgin Mary, at our City of New Yorke, the Annual Rent of one Raccoon Skin, in Lieu and Steade of all other Rents,



BAKER'S FALLS.

Services, Dues, Duties, and Demands whatsoever for the said Tract of Land, and Islands, and Premises." Governor Bellomont soon succeeded Fletcher, and, through his influence, the legislature of the province annulled this and other similar grants. That body, exercising ecclesiastical as well as civil functions, also passed a resolution, suspending Dellius from the ministry, for "deluding the Maquas (Mohawk) Indians, and illegal and surreptitious obtaining of said grant." Dellius denied the authority of the legislature, and, after contesting his claim for a while, he returned to Holland. There he transferred his title to the domain to the Rev. John Lydius, who became Dellius's successor in the ministry at Albany, in 1703. Lydius soon afterward built a stone trading-house upon the site of Fort Edward. Its door and windows were strongly barred, and near the roof the walls were pierced for musketry. It was erected upon a high mound, and palisaded, as a defence against enemies.

In 1709 an expedition was prepared for the conquest of Canada. The commander of the division to attack Montreal was Francis Nicholson, who had been lieutenant-governor of the province of New York. Under his direction a military road, forty miles in length, was opened from Saratoga, on the east side of the Hudson, to White Hall, on Lake Champlain. Along this route three forts were erected. The upper one was named Fort Anne, in honour of the Queen of England; the middle one, of which Lydius's house formed a part, was called Fort Nicholson, in honour of the commander; and the lower one, just below the mouth of the Batten-Kill, was named Fort Saratoga. Almost fifty years later, when a provincial army, under General Johnson, of the Mohawk valley, and General Lyman, of Connecticut, was moving forward to drive the French from Lake Champlain, a strong irregular quadrangular fort was erected by the latter officer, upon the site of Fort Nicholson, and the fortification was called Fort Lyman, in his honour. It was not fairly completed when a successful battle was fought with the French and Indians under the Baron Dieskau, the honours of which were more greatly due to Lyman than Johnson. But the latter was chief commander. His king, as we have seen, gave him the honours of knight-hood and £4000. With a mean spirit of jealousy, Johnson not only omitted to mention General Lyman in his despatches, but changed the name of the fort which he had erected, to *Edward*, in honour of one of the royal family of England.

Fort Edward was an important military post during the whole of the French and Indian war,—that Seven Years' War, which cost England more than a hundred millions of pounds sterling, and laid one of the broadest of the foundation-stones of her immense national debt. There, on one occasion, Israel Putnam, a bold provincial partizan, and afterward a major-general in the American revolutionary army, performed a most daring exploit. It was winter, and the whole country was covered with deep snow. Early in the morning of a mild day, one of the rows of wooden barracks in the fort took fire; the flames had progressed extensively before they were discovered. The garrison was summoned to duty, but all efforts to subdue the fire were in vain. Putnam, who was stationed upon Roger's Island, opposite the fort, crossed the river upon the ice with some of his men, to assist the garrison. The fire was then rapidly approaching the building containing the powder-magazine. The danger

was becoming every moment more imminent and frightful; for an explosion of the powder would destroy the whole fort, and many lives. The water-gate was thrown open, and soldiers were ordered to bring filled buckets from the river. Putnam mounted to the roof of the building next to the magazine, and, by means of a ladder, he was supplied with water. Still the fire raged, and the commandant of the fort, perceiving Putnam's danger, ordered him down. The unflinching major begged permission to remain a little longer. It was granted, and he did not leave his post until he felt the roof beneath him giving way. It fell, and only a few feet from the blazing mass was the magazine building, its sides already charred with the heat. Unmindful of the peril, Putnam placed himself between the fire and the sleeping power in the menaced building, which a spark might arouse to destructive activity. Under a shower of cinders, he hurled bucket-full after bucket-full of water upon the kindling magazine, with ultimate success. The flames were subdued, the magazine and remainder of the fort were saved, and the intrepid Putnam retired from the terrible conflict amidst the huzzas of his companions in arms. He was severely wounded in the contest. His mittens were burned from his hands, and his legs, thighs, arms, and face were dreadfully blistered. For a month he was a suffering invalid in the hospital.

Fort Edward was strengthened by the republicans, and properly garrisoned, when the revolution broke out in 1775. When General Burgoyne, with his invading army of British regulars, hired Germans, French, Canadians, and Indians, appeared at the foot of Lake Champlain, General Philip Schuyler was the commander-in-chief of the republican army in the Northern Department. His head-quarters were at Fort Anne, and General St. Clair commanded the important post of Ticonderoga. In July, Burgoyne came sweeping down the lake triumphantly. St. Clair fled from Ticonderoga, and his army was scattered and sorely smitten in the retreat. When the British advanced to Skenesborough, at the head of the lake, Schuyler retreated to Fort Edward, felling trees across the old military road, demolishing the causeways over the great Kingsbury marshes, and destroying the bridges, to obstruct the invader's progress. With great labour and perseverance Burgoyne moved forward, and on the 29th of July he encamped upon the high bank of the Hudson, at the great bend where the village of Sandy Hill now stands.

At this time a tragedy occurred near Fort Edward, which produced a great sensation throughout the country, and has been a theme for history, poetry, romance, and song. It was the death of Jenny M'Crea, the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who is described as lovely in disposition, graceful in manners, and so intelligent and winning in all her ways, that she was a favourite of all who knew her. She was visiting a Tory friend at Fort Edward at this time, and was betrothed to a young man of the neighbourhood, who was a subaltern in Burgoyne's army. On the approach of the invaders, her brother, who lived near, fled, with his family, down the river, and desired Jenny to accompany them. She preferred to stay under the protection of her Tory friend, who was a widow, and a cousin of General Fraser, of Burgoyne's army.

Burgoyne had found it difficult to restrain the cruelty of his Indians. To secure their co-operation, he had offered them a bounty for prisoners and



THE JENNY M'CREA TREE.

scalps, at the same time forbidding them to kill any person not in arms, for the sake of scalps. The offer of bounties stimulated the savages to seek captives other than those in the field, and they went out in small parties for the purpose. One of these prowled around Fort Edward early in the morning after Burgoyne arrived at Sandy Hill, and, entering the house where Jenny was

staying, carried away the young lady and her friend. A negro boy alarmed the garrison, and a detachment was sent after the Indians, who were fleeing with their prisoners toward the camp. They had caught two horses, and on one of them Jenny was already placed by them, when the detachment assailed them with a volley of musketry. The savages were unharmed, but one of the bullets mortally wounded their fair captive. She fell and expired, as tradition relates, near a pine-tree, which remained as a memorial of the tragedy until a few years ago. Having lost their prisoner, they secured her scalp, and, with her black tresses wet with her warm blood, they hastened to the camp. The friend of Jenny had just arrived, and the locks of the maiden, which were of great length and beauty, were recognised by her. She charged the Indians with her murder, which they denied, and told the story substantially as it is here related.

This appears, from corroborating circumstances, to be the simple truth of a story which, as it went from lip to lip, became magnified into a tale of darkest horror, and produced wide-spread indignation. General Gates, who had just superseded General Schuyler in the command of the northern army, took advantage of the excitement which it produced, to increase the hatred of the British in the hearts of the people, and he charged Burgoyne with crimes utterly foreign to that gentleman's nature. In a published letter, he accused him of hiring savages to "scalp Europeans and the descendants of Europeans;" spoke of Jenny as having been "dressed to meet her promised husband, but met her murderers;" employed by Burgoyne; asserted that she, with several women and children, had been taken "from the house into the woods, and there scalped and mangled in a most shocking manner;" and alleged that he had "paid the price of blood!" This letter, so untruthful and ungenerous, was condemned by Gates' friends in the army. But it had the desired effect; and the sad story of Jenny's death was used with power against the ministry by the opposition in the British parliament.

The lover of Jenny left the army, and settled in Canada, where he lived to be an old man. He was naturally gay and garrulous, but after that event he was ever sad and taciturn. He never married, and avoided society. When the anniversary of the tragedy approached, he would shut himself in his room, and refuse to see his most intimate acquaintances; and at all times his friends



BALM-OF-GILEAD TREE.

avoided speaking of the American revolution in his presence. The body of Jenny was buried on her brother's land: it was re-interred at Fort Edward in 1826, with imposing ceremonies; and again in 1852, her remains found a new resting-place in a beautiful cemetery, half-way between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. Her grave is near the entrance; and upon a plain white marble stone, six feet in height, standing at its head, is the following inscription:—

"Here rest the remains of Jane M'Crea, aged 17; made captive and murdered by a band of Indians, while on a visit to a relative in the neighbourhood, A.D. 1777. To commemorate one of the most thrilling incidents in the annals of the American revolution, to do justice to the fame of the gallant British officer to whom she was affianced, and as a simple tribute to the memory of the departed, this stone is erected by her niece, Sarah Hanna Payne, A.D. 1852."

No relic of the olden time now remains at Fort Edward, excepting a few logs of the fort on the edge of the river, some faint traces of the embankments, and a magnificent Balm-of-Gilead tree, which stood, a sapling, at the water-gate, when Putnam saved the magazine. It has three huge trunks, springing from the roots: one of them is more than half decayed, having been twice riven by lightning within a few years. Upon Rogers's Island, in front of the town, where armies were encamped, and a large block-house stood, Indian arrow-heads, bullets, and occasionally a piece of "cob-money,"* are sometimes upturned by the plough.

* The old silver coins occasionally found at Fort Edward, are called "cob-money" by the people. I could not ascertain the derivation of the name. The picture represents both sides of two pieces in my possession, the proper size. The larger one is a cross-pistareen, of the value of about sixteen cents; the other is a quarter fraction of the same. They are irregular in form, and the devices and dates, respectively 1741 and 1743, are imperfect. These Spanish coins formed the bulk of the specie circulated among the French in Canada a hundred years ago.



"COB-MONEY."

formed the bulk of the specie circulated among the French in Canada a hundred years ago.

A picture of the village of Fort Edward, in 1820, shows only six houses and a church; now it is a busy town with two thousand inhabitants. Its chief industrial establishment is an extensive blast-furnace for converting iron ore into the pure metal. Upon rising ground, and overlooking the village and surrounding country, is a colossal educational establishment, called the Fort Edward Institute. The building was erected, and its affairs are controlled, by the Methodist denomination, and it is widely known as one of the most flourishing institutions of its kind in the country. The building is five stories in height, and is surrounded by pleasant grounds. It is seen in our view of Fort Edward, taken from the end of the bridge that connects Rogers's Island with the western shore of the Hudson. The blast-furnace, and a portion of the Fort Edward dam, built by the State for the use of the Champlain Canal, is also seen in the picture.

A carriage-ride from Fort Edward down the valley of the Hudson, especially



VIEW AT FORT EDWARD.

on its western side, affords exquisite enjoyment to the lover of beautiful scenery and the displays of careful cultivation. The public road follows the river-bank nearly all the way to Troy, a distance of forty miles, and the traveller seldom loses sight of the noble stream, which is frequently divided by islands, some cultivated, and others heavily wooded. The most important of these, between Fort Edward and Schuylerville, are Munro's, Bell's, Taylor's, Galusha's, and Payne's; the third one containing seventy acres. The shores of the river are everywhere fringed with beautiful shade-trees and shrubbery, and fertile lands spread out on every side.

Seven miles below Fort Edward, on the western shore, is the site of Fort Miller, erected during the French and Indian war; and opposite, at the head of foaming rapids, which afford fine water-power for mills, is the village of Fort Miller, containing between two and three hundred inhabitants. Not a



FORT MILLER RAPIDS.

vestige of the fort remains. The river here rushes over a rough rocky bed, and falls fifteen or twenty feet in the course of eighty rods. Here was the scene of another of Putnam's adventures during the old war. He was out with a scouting party, and was lying alone in a batteau on the east side of the river, when he was surprised by some Indians; he could not cross the river swiftly enough to escape the balls of their rifles, and there was no alternative but to go down the foaming rapids. He did not hesitate a moment. To the astonishment of the savages, he steered directly down the current, amid whirling eddies and over ragged and shelving rocks, and in a few moments his vessel had cleared the rushing waters, and was gliding upon the tranquil river below, far out of reach of their weapons. The Indians dared not make the perilous voyage: they regarded Putnam as God-protected, and believed that it would be an affront to the Great Spirit to make further attempts to kill him with powder and ball.

WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH.

As a rule, it is our practice to leave architectural matters in the hands of those organs of the public press which are especially devoted to the consideration of such subjects. There are, however, circumstances occurring sometimes in which we deem it right to depart from our ordinary course, and to direct the attention of our readers to what has interested us—as in the case of the edifice of which we are about to speak.

There are few persons acquainted with the archaeology of the country, who are not aware of the existence of the old Abbey Church at Waltham, in Essex, probably so far as regards some portions of it, one of the oldest ecclesiastical buildings in the British dominions. The abbey church of St. Albans is presumed to be of earlier date, having been founded by Offa, King of Mercia, in the ninth century. The abbey of Waltham is generally supposed to have been founded by King Harold about 1059, and the abbey church to have been consecrated on May 3rd, 1060. In a recently published number of *The Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society*, the early history of this edifice is discussed with much ability by Mr. E. A. Freeman. From this paper we learn that at an earlier period than Harold's reign a church was erected on the spot, that it was taken down by the monarch, and another, and much finer one, substituted for it. "Changes since its first erection—barbarous mutilations, and hardly less barbarous additions—have entirely destroyed its character as seen from without; and even within, both medieval alterations of the strangest kind, and the accumulated enormities of more recent days, have gone far to ruin the general effect of the original building. The nave of the Romanesque Church is all that remains; the addition of a large Decorated chapel to the south, and of a Debased tower to the west, the destruction of the eastern portion of the church, and of the whole conventual buildings, have between them converted the once splendid church of Waltham into a patched and mutilated fragment. Still a large portion of the original interior remains untouched—an interior deserving attentive study, as one of the noblest specimens of northern Romanesque, and invested with a still higher interest if we may regard it as called into being by the taste and bounty of the last of our native kings." From documentary and architectural evidences, Mr. Freeman arrives at the conclusion, that "in the nave of Waltham Abbey we have a genuine portion of the great work of our last national prince," and also that the tomb which was formerly shown here as Harold's was really his.

We will now, in as brief a manner as possible, explain to our readers why we have brought this subject before them. It is with the hope that the statement we make may aid in the restoration, or rather reparation, of this most interesting relic of past ages. The church has never, we believe, been closed against Divine service; but early last year it was found to be in a very deplorable condition: all the windows on the north side had been, a long time ago, mutilated or destroyed; an inconvenient and hideous gallery reached from east to west on the south side, blocking up the Norman doorway on the south; the wooden supports of this gallery had seriously damaged the pillars; two ugly galleries, rising one above another, blocked up the west end and entrance, while the flooring was so elevated as to cover the bases of the pillars; very high and unsightly pews filled the whole interior.

In the summer of last year the churchwardens of the parish requested the incumbent, the Rev. James Francis, to take measures for repairing the structure and removing all that was objectionable from the interior. The parishioners joined in the request, and a sum of money, about £1400, having been collected in the parish and neighbourhood towards meeting the expenses of these repairs, they were immediately commenced, and are now being carried on; but as the work has progressed, what was found necessary to be done has so far exceeded the original estimate, that the amount collected is entirely exhausted, and it is calculated that a further sum of £4000 will be required to complete all that is immediately desirable, in which would be included the insertion of an east wall and window—now a

broken, shabby wall—the repairs of the decorated chapel, and the work necessary to be done to the interior. Of this sum £1000 are required immediately, to render the church fit for Divine service.

The incumbent of Waltham and his parishioners justly consider this ancient edifice is of so interesting and important a character, that, by appealing to the public, and more especially to all lovers of

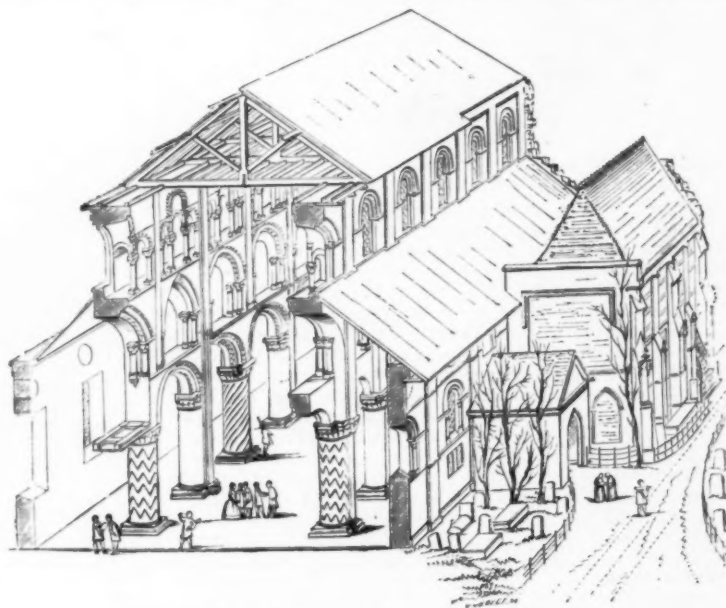
archæology, they may obtain the funds essential to their object; they are also most desirous to be placed, by the liberality of contributors, in a position to enable them to complete at once the works now in hand, in the hope of reopening the church on the next ensuing 3rd of May, which will be the *eight hundredth anniversary* of the consecration of "Harold's Church"—a day most becoming such an occasion.



VIEW, SHOWING THE PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE ABBEY CHURCH BEFORE THE ALTERATIONS OF THE 14TH CENTURY, BUT WITH THE ADDITION OF THE LADY-CHAPEL.

The interest that is attached to the building, both historically and architecturally—the fact that the last of the Saxon kings founded the abbey, erected the church, and, as is generally supposed, was buried here—that the honoured name of Cranmer, dear to all English churchmen and Protestants, is also associated with the edifice, ought to prove, as

we trust they will, sufficient motives for a public appeal, and an encouragement for the parishioners to hope they will not be left without the means of realizing to its fullest extent the object they have in view. They do not intend restoration in the common sense of the word, which too often means spoiling an old building by removing the marks of



VIEW OF THE ABBEY CHURCH AT THE PRESENT TIME.

antiquity; but they desire by proper structural repair to uphold and maintain the present fabric.

As we stated at the outset, we believe this case to be a suitable one to lay before our readers; it is of the number of those in which every true lover of antiquarian art must be interested—and among our numerous subscribers are many, doubtless, who would most willingly avail themselves of the opportunity to aid in rescuing a venerable fragment of the past from absolute decay. The incumbent and

committee would be glad to receive any suggestions as to the best method of obtaining the necessary funds; and would forward, on application, a report on the present state of the church, with a sketch of its history from the pen of Mr. W. Burges, architect. Donations would be received by the incumbent, and by Messrs. Fuller, Banbury, and Co., 77, Lombard Street.

The two woodcuts introduced here require no explanation—they speak for themselves.

SHAKSPERE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.*

THE plays of Shakspeare† have passed through almost every possible form of publication, from the ponderous folio *tome* extending through many books, to the single small volume, printed in type which young eyes only can read: they have been brought within the reach of all classes in one shape or another, so that there is not a mansion, nor scarcely a cottage, in the land, where the works of the immortal dramatist are unable to find a home and a resting-place. This is as it should be: there are some books which rightly claim entrance everywhere; Shakspeare's writings are among them, and, consequently, they are as frequently found on the shelves of the divine as on those of the mere man of the world. We are not disposed to admit that his plays are adapted for indiscriminate reading by all—the licences of language and of ideas in the sixteenth century, are not in accordance with those of the nineteenth; but the pure-minded and judicious reader will know how to separate the tares from the wheat, and the result of the winnowing process leaves a glorious product of the true, the beautiful, and the good,—of that which ought to make him wiser and better, individually and socially.

By the way, what a battle Shakspeare has occasioned just now among some of our literary contemporaries: it would be amusing, were it not sad, to see men of reputation in letters entering the arena, like gladiators, to prove whether any among them are, or are not, guilty of falsehood. For ourselves, it would be beyond our province, even if so inclined, to engage in the conflict; it contents us to feel that the poet himself cannot suffer in this paper warfare.

We cannot find a more suitable term for the volumes now lying on our table, than that of the "People's Edition," for it is just such an one as the "people" would desire to have, and which it is not beyond the means of any but the poorest classes to acquire; all who can spare a shilling a month—the price at which the parts are published—may possess it. Completed, it forms three handsome volumes, fit for any library, the type large and clear, and the illustrations most abundant: our primary duty is to notice these, but a word must be given to Mr. Staunton's editing. Each play is preceded by copious remarks on its history, and the circumstances under which it is presumed to have originated; the explanatory notes, and glossary of obsolete words and phrases, are ample, and almost assume the character of a running commentary on the text. Here the editor has called to his aid the observations of the most distinguished annotators of Shakspeare. Lastly, at the end of the play, appear the critical opinions pronounced upon it by such writers as Dr. Johnson, Schlegel, and Malone; and numerous notes, called "Illustrative Comments," which we presume to be the work of Mr. Staunton himself. It will thus appear that everything which the editor could do to render this edition perfectly intelligible has been accomplished, and, we may add, most successfully.

Last month we introduced Mr. Gilbert to our readers as an illustrator of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" we here exhibit him as an illustrator of Shakspeare's dramatic works—a field of much wider scope for his operations than the former book, and of which he has most abundantly availed himself. It is no slight task for a single artist to undertake, even with the facility of execution for which Mr. Gilbert is famous. What a variety of characters is there to study; what a multitude of scenes and incidents inviting attention, because of almost equal importance; what a redundancy of *materiel*—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe;"

what a mine of pictorial wealth, from which to select the purest and brightest gems; what a garden of flowers, from which to extract sweets! To choose amid so much that is tempting must have been sufficiently embarrassing; but we do not see, on

looking through the extensive gallery of pictures, that a better selection could have been made: we use the word "gallery," because the large number of illustrations of every kind justifies its adoption.

That the artist's mind was earnestly at work upon the subjects selected, while his pencil was revealing their features, none who turn over the pages of these volumes will be disposed to deny. Apart from the



"TWELFTH NIGHT."—OLIVIA AND VIOLA.

spirit of these sketches as mere pictorial works, there is a marvellous exhibition of character, which seems at once to stamp the individual. It is scarcely a stretch of imagination to say that in many of the scenes introduced we appear to be present at a per-

formance of the drama, so vivid an impression do they make; and are constrained to acknowledge the power which, by such apparently slight means, can accomplish so great an end. This, after all, is real Art, which consists not in elaboration of details,



"AS YOU LIKE IT."—ORLANDO AND ADAM.

however beautiful, nor in a multitude of accessories, however skilfully combined and harmonized; but in a few simple lines, so truthfully expressed, correctly arranged, and effectively brought together by the aid of light and shadow, that we unhesitatingly pro-

nounce the work to be the very thing required to identify the subject with it.

Were we asked to point out the description of character in which Mr. Gilbert is seen here to the greatest advantage, we should say in the humorous;

* THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPERE. Edited by HOWARD STAUNTON. The illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. 3 Vols. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE and Co., London.

† Mr. Staunton's orthography of the name differs from that we generally employ, and which we retain here, as the one, we believe, most universally adopted by recent writers.

his comicality is rich to a degree, but never vulgar. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in "King Henry IV.," are some capital sketches of this kind; one ex-

ample is here introduced, in the scene from "As you like it," where Touchstone and Audrey meet William in the forest of Arden. The engraving from "Pericles" shows how competent the artist



"AS YOU LIKE IT."—TOUCHSTONE, AUDREY, AND WILLIAM.

has proved himself, to carry back his thoughts into a region of mourning, and a land of classic beauty. The other subjects we have introduced for the purpose of showing the variety which characterizes the illustrations, no less than for their intrinsic merit as

works of Art; if Mr. Gilbert felt himself embarrassed in selecting his subjects, we have experienced as much difficulty in choosing from the aggregate of his labours. We should, moreover, remark, that a very considerable number of the cuts—which, by the



"PERICLES."—CLEON, DIONIZA, AND ATTENDANTS.

way, Messrs. Dalziel have engraved in a manner that must enhance their already well-earned reputation—are too large for convenient insertion in our columns.

It will, we think, be apparent that the artist has not aimed at extreme delicacy and refinement of

execution; we know enough of his former works to be assured that this could easily have been attained, had he deemed it desirable: his principal object has been to catch the spirit of his subjects, and to express it forcibly and unconventionally.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. W. Greathach, Engraver.

THE name of Wilkie is yet green in the memory of every lover of Art, whether of high or low degree, and will continue to be so as long as a single picture he painted remains undestroyed, or an engraving from his works is in existence: crowned heads contended for the possession of the former, and the cottage of the peasant and the home of the artisan are made more cheerful by the presence of the latter. From the depths of the dark blue ocean, to which amid the solemn stillness of midnight his mortal remains were consigned, the spirit of the painter, speaking through his works, creates in those who look at them a corresponding spirit of joyousness and pleasure; they are like draughts of living waters, refreshing the weary traveller on his path through this feverish, toiling, restless world of ours.

What is the secret of this undoubted success? What is it that Wilkie so possessed in common with the distinguished men who have made the canvas a vehicle to carry down their fame to a remote posterity? We remember the exhibition of a large number of his most distinguished works at the British Institution soon after his death, and it was then that we seemed for the first time to understand fully how it was he had gained such a hold on popular feeling; what we could not rightly learn from individual examples, or from two or three seen in company with others of a different character, was acquired by studying his pictures in a collective form. His peculiar method of Art could not of itself have won such golden opinions, for that he learned from the Dutch, and others have equalled—perhaps surpassed—it, without securing a title of his renown: it was the tales which he told. His destiny was to send out such forcible and impressive delineations of human life in various phases, as the circumstances of our own day enable us to seize upon and appropriate with instantaneous sympathy, while they have so much common nature that they appeal to the feelings of every age and every clime: only make an intelligent Chinese or Hindoo understand English manners and customs, and English character, and he would at once enter into the spirit of one of Wilkie's compositions. Others had observed, and some had recorded, the same facts; but when Wilkie had placed them in the focus of his imagination, and represented them by the power of his acute intellect, and with all the charm of his art, they became familiar and oft-recurring images, with an enduring influence on the moral perceptions of the public. In such pictures as the "Rent Day," the "Penny Wedding," "Blindman's Buff," "Distraint for Rent," and many more of a similar kind, he led the minds of the richer classes to sympathize with the joys and sorrows of their poorer brethren, and thus elevated himself to the high position of a right-minded philanthropist? What Cowper and Crabbe were among poets, Wilkie was among painters: his pictures are didactic poems.

The picture of "Blindman's Buff" is one of the famous series of works whereon the great fame of the author will ever rest. It is one, comparatively, of his earliest productions, having been painted in 1812, for the Prince Regent. In a large "keeping-room," as such apartments are often called in the country—and a very large one it must be, looking at the perspective, and the number of persons who are in it, with ample space for their sport—a company of youths and maidens, young boys and girls, is seen in the full tide of enjoyment, at the boisterous but good old-fashioned game which gives the title to the picture. Wilkie has not only shown his skill in giving a real natural view of the game, with all its fun, tricks, and flirtations, but in the artistic groupings of the figures, and in the drawing, it is no less manifest. It is not an easy matter to represent such a scene without some approach at least to the burlesque; there is here, however, humour without exaggeration, and common life without vulgarity.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace: it is distinguished by all the care and nicety of his finest works, and is in admirable preservation.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

THIS institution generally produces some of the best landscapes of the season. On this occasion it does not falsify its prestige; but its foster children, on attaining their majority, forget the honour that is due to the parental nurture they received in tender years to fit them for the great battle of Art. Of the works of those members of the society who have been serious in their labours, many are qualified with a beauty, freshness, and power beyond the character of antecedent efforts. This uniformity of progress is a feature with respect to the paintings of the artists to whom we allude. Of the works of men who produce many pictures it is commonly complained that they are mannered—monotonous; and this is felt as year by year the advancing series is brought under the notice of the constant observer. But it would be more difficult for a painter to change his manner of Art than his handwriting. His painting is as immutable as his gait, speech, and action; we read in it his sentiment and habit of thought. When no other fault can be discovered in a picture than that it is what is called "mannered," it will generally be found to be a worthy production, proclaiming at once the hand of its author. A work by Rubens, but wanting in the fleshy emphasis of Rubens's manner, is less valuable than another glowing with the indisputable *morbidezza* of the master. Wilkie was no longer Wilkie when he changed his manner; and in no other mantle than in that of the great "dog-star" would Landseer be acceptable to those even who speak of his manner. The Portland Gallery, like all others, presents a mixture graduating from excellence to certain degrees below mediocrity. But the inferior works are the negative quantity in a proposition which can be solved without taking them into the calculation. The figure pictures are neither so numerous, nor so well qualified as others we have seen here on former occasions; there is, however, a picture by Robert Scott Lauder that would do honour to any school or time—it is a sublime effort in the derelict walk of sacred history. The numbers commence over the fireplace, amid a small galaxy of little pictures—miniatures in oil—a class that has largely won the public esteem of late years.

No. 4. 'A Wintry Walk,' F. SMALLFIELD, shows a boy carrying at his back a turkey and a pheasant in a snowy landscape. This artist was recently elected an associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, but it is to be hoped that on this account he will not forsake oil painting.

No. 7. 'The Bashful Boy,' DIXIE, is a child in his mother's arms: most careful in drawing and finish.

No. 9. 'The Mountain Child,' J. B. BURGESS. A study of a country girl painted with substance and firmness; the face is extremely happy in colour and character. And No. 8. 'The Quiet Pipe,' J. HAYLLAR. The head of a rustic, like that of a veritable Somerset yeoman.

No. 31. 'Scene in Surrey,' H. B. GRAY. The subject is a section of the most highly cultivated part of the county, the foreground being a corn-field, whence the eye is led to a richly-diversified distance felicitous in expression of atmosphere.

No. 37. 'St. Brelade's Bay, Jersey,' J. PEEL. Altogether the most perfect production that has ever been exhibited under this name; it is charming in colour, unflinching in daylight breadth, and with respect to the foreground material, we know no living artist who could accomplish such a detail with manipulation so precise, yet so soft and easy.

No. 40. * * * R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. All the material of this composition has been

perhaps suggested by nature, but it is everywhere reduced to poetic sentiment. The principal quantity is a rock, the face of which is broken and variously tinted, and on the nearest ground passage lies the sleeping maiden. The pebbles, and the limpid rill, in the bed of which they lie, constitute the only natural reality that forces itself on the eye; the forms of the trees, and even of the nodding and curtsying grasses, are all dictated by elegant feeling.

No. 46. 'A Country Girl,' BELL SMITH. A small study vigorously painted, and full of appropriate character.

No. 50. 'A View from the Needles,' E. HAYES. In this subject there is but little incident, but the treatment and certainty of handling are very masterly.

No. 52. 'The Tranquil Hour,' J. ADAM. A composition of lake and mountain scenery, brought forward under the effect of deepening twilight. The proposed sentiment is forcibly illustrated.

No. 53. 'Feeding Chickens,' N. O. LUFTON. Clear, definite, and earnest in the realization of the locality, which is the head of a mill-dam screened in by trees. The figures are only auxiliary.

No. 56. 'The Dancing Lesson,' C. ROSSITER. The Terpsichorean aspirant, a dog, is the partner in a *pas de deux* of the *maestro*, one of a party of cottage boys; another of whom, with a violin, performs the part of which the devil acquitted himself to the witches according to Tam o' Shanter. The point of the story is admirably maintained; all the figures are painted with firmness, and their features are full of animated expression.

No. 60. 'A Mountain Road,' SYDNEY PERCY. A large composition of Welsh lake and mountain material, very similar in character to works already exhibited by the painter. The time appears to be about midday, according to the light and the cast of the shadows, and the proposition is fully supported by the dispositions. It is throughout painted with a mastery that is pronounced in the manner of dealing with the most difficult passages.

No. 67. 'Winandermere,' EDWIN PETTITT. This is a view of a section of the shore scenery of the lake, rendered carefully according to the reality. It is given with much substantive force.

No. 71. 'A Welsh Cottage Door,' C. L. COFFARD. The subject is literally the door, *et preterea nihil*, but it is old, worn, seamed, and weather-stained; and all this is pithily remembered.

No. 75. 'Low Tide,' G. A. WILLIAMS. The subject is an expanse of beach, with cliffs on the left trending into the twilight horizon. The effect is that of sunset charmingly painted.

No. 80. 'Evening,' B. W. LEADER. The composition shows a cottage door, garden, and the neighbouring village church, with trees, &c., all brought forward rather in the material terms of Crabbe than Goldsmith. It seems to have been very carefully studied from the locality.

No. 83. 'Life on the Heath,' A. W. WILLIAMS. This work is distinguished by its breadth, force, and simplicity. It is a heath scene overcanopied by a sky of grand conception, darkly draped with heavy boding clouds, from the nearest of which lightning is shooting. The "life" is that of a gipsy camp, and as a prominent point there is a boy with a white horse.

No. 90. 'Tract of an Old-World Glacier,' A. W. HUNT. In this work we are first struck with the marvellously minute manipulation and laborious definition of form; in the second place, by the untruth of the colour, to which reality is wholly sacrificed. The title should be changed, for having somewhat geological

about it, the subject should have been rendered not only form for form, but colour for colour. As to imitative texture, the picture will never be surpassed.

No. 95. 'The Straits of Dover,' H. W. B. DAVIS. The straits play but a secondary and auxiliary part in this composition. The strength of the subject is a flock of sheep on a portion of the cliff pasture beyond which appears the calm sea bright with sunny effulgence; but the sheep are drawn and painted with most exemplary exactitude: anything more accurate in this way cannot be conceived. *Ce peintre reviendra à ses moutons.*

No. 105. 'Sunset on the River Noon,' H. B. GRAY. Anent this subject the first observation of a cunning piscator is, "A likely pool for jack, but very difficult to fish." The tranquil sky, and the lustrous water repeating every near form, are most faithfully transcribed.

No. 108. 'Salmon and Trout,' H. L. ROLFE. These fish are drawn and painted with Mr. Rolfe's usual fidelity.

No. 150. 'Leaving the Wreck,' A. MONTAGUE. There is more power in this work than in any marine subject we have ever seen by its author, but the sea appears to be sweeping along the coast, not breaking on it; this is at least an anomaly unaccounted for in the composition. There is also a boat falling with her broadside into the trough—she is sure to be capsized.

No. 154. 'Farm Stable,' J. F. HERRING and A. F. ROLFE. This picture is throughout remarkable for nicety of drawing and neatness of execution. The pigs and piglings are admirable in condition, and equally so is the nag, to which life evidently bears more of pleasure than of pain.

No. 155. 'Near Llanwrst, North Wales,' W. DEAKIN. The trees and foreground are agreeably painted, but the subject is bald—it wants incident, and there is too much confided to the glazings.

No. 226. 'St. Aubin's, Jersey,' J. PEEL. Somewhat similar in character to that already noticed, but different in treatment, as having less of the daylight breadth by which the before-mentioned picture is characterized. It is painted, however, in the same resolute tone as the other.

No. 232. 'The Last Supper,' R. S. LAUDER. This is a single figure, that of the Saviour according to the 22nd chapter of St. Luke—"And he took bread and gave thanks, and brake it," &c. The impersonation is presented in profile in a red robe and a blue mantle; the colours, however, are by no means importunate, but subdued, and subordinate to the expression. The picture being under a glass and the textures so tender, it is difficult, save by close examination, to determine whether it is in oil or in water colour. There is no vaunt of handling or execution, but everything evinces a profound reverence for the fathers of modern Art, or it may be one of them—say Leonardo da Vinci. It is a result of deep thought, and a theme for thought to the observer.

No. 243. 'The Old Town of Hastings,' G. A. WILLIAMS. The most important work that the artist has ever produced. From the east cliff we look upon the town dominated by the west cliff, crowned by the castle—a mass which is opposed with admirable effect to an unexceptionable evening sky. Beyond and below this lies St. Leonards, and thence the eye is led round to Beechy Head. The great point of the work is the success with which the low-lying town is described. It is unmistakably Hastings; and the treatment of the subject is in all respects excellent.

No. 252. 'Menai Straits,' EDWIN PETTITT. The subject is extremely well chosen, as presenting a diversity of interesting and effectively paintable material, the whole of which is ren-

dered with an integrity of purpose gratefully refreshing in these days of inexplicable eccentricities.

No. 258. 'A Trout Stream,' S. PERCY. The foreground and trees of this composition are as conscientiously worked as if the artist were yet in his minority. It is simple and unaffected.

No. 263. 'Peter denying Christ,' R. S. LAUDER. In this composition the moment indicated is that when, according to St. Luke, the "Lord turned and looked upon Peter," and the latter went forth and wept bitterly. It is essentially a dark picture, suggestive of Rembrandt, but with less of the parade of telling points than Rembrandt, and more dignified, solemn, and perfect in its forms. Our Lord occupies the centre of the composition, standing with his hands bound, and looking round on Peter with an expression which should have been rather that of sorrowful reproach, than of the more than anger that flashes from his eyes. That is the only reasonable objection that could be urged against the picture, which throughout embodies the rarest qualities of what is called high Art. It is characterized by an entire absence of vulgar ostentation, and evinces, not a display, but a reserve of power equal to the most signal triumphs in religious Art. By the way, glasses over dark pictures are an injustice to the work, as being extremely embarrassing to the eye.

No. 266. 'Sleighting Ferns,' H. MOORE. Another of those Young England landscapes of which our fathers never could have dreamt. It seems to have been painted in some ultramontane copal or coachmakers' varnish, for the days of what Barry stigmatized as "megilph" are gone. The independence and mastery of the work cannot be too highly eulogized. "Sleighting," be it understood, is sledding, or conveying on a vehicle without wheels.

No. 273. 'The Outskirts of a Farm,' B. W. LEADER. There are in this work some sheep, with a variety of farmhouse items, made out with infinite exactitude.

No. 280. 'Rough Hands and warm Hearts,' J. G. NASH. A group of two figures on the sea-shore—a fisherman and his betrothed it may be supposed, for the relation of the persons proposes a love story. The intention of the artist is a forcible picture, and he has amply succeeded. The figures are well drawn and characteristic.

No. 287. 'The Lost Friend,' J. A. FITZGERALD. This is a fairy composition, and "the lost friend" is a dead robin, whose decease the fairies and gnomes universally lament. It bears the impress of a rich and exuberant fancy.

No. 288. 'The Village Carpenter,' A. PROVIS. The scene is the shop, which, with its catalogue of major and minor utilities and inutilities, is detailed with a curious apprehension of minutiae. The work, however, as a whole, is not so brilliant and effective as others antecedently exhibited.

No. 312. 'Ruined Temples,' G. PETTITT. A large picture presenting a composition of Italian lake and mountain scenery, with passages of much romantic beauty. The effect is that of sunny day, which is carried out in close reference to nature.

No. 323. 'Leigh, Essex,' W. E. BATES. A small and picturesque nook on the coast, where, as in the Island of Calypso, the green trees grow down to high-water mark. It is little known to painters, but deserves more attention at their hands. Here we look westward, and the masses tell effectively against an evening sky.

No. 356. 'A Trout Stream near Lofthouse, Yorkshire,' J. F. WALTON. There is here a study of foreground stones, which seem to have been most faithfully depicted from the reality.

No. 357. 'Lady-bird, fly away, &c.,' J. F. DICKSEE. Here a little girl has been gathering flowers, which she grasps in her hand, whereon rests the little red insect that she addresses as above. The head, in profile and enwreathed with oak-leaves, is extremely felicitous in colour and expression.

No. 375. 'Candid Opinions,' J. HAYLLAR. A little boy contemplating his mother's portrait may be supposed to express himself without reserve: a small composition—minute in finish.

No. 376. 'The Middy's Presents,' F. SMALLFIELD. His sister contemplates the Spanish wine pot, shells, &c., that he has brought home. Another miniature, also very carefully finished.

No. 380. 'Katherine,' J. T. DIXEE. She is yet unshrewed, and looks a very Jezebel, even as saying—

"I will be angry—what have you to do?"

It is a head and bust elegantly costumed and charmingly painted. The features are handsome, as they should be—and their expression has a pungent spice of the fury, as it should have.

No. 381. 'Burns and his Highland Mary,' R. S. LAUDER. A small picture with the two figures very carefully treated. It looks like an essay preparatory to a larger work.

No. 384. 'French Boats, Evening,' R. BEAVES. A small, but very spirited sketch.

No. 406. 'Lane Scene with Gipsies,' J. E. MEADOWS. This picture has more force and substance than any that has of late been produced by its author.

No. 412. 'Port of Honfleur,' W. PARROT. We are placed here on the quay, on the right of the basin, not very far from the Cheval Blanc, which is just round the corner, and we look inwards towards the Lisieux Road. A principal feature is the old tower, built, of course, according to popular tradition, "par les Anglais." It is an honest daylight picture, portraying unmistakably the Port of Honfleur.

No. 415. 'The Cray Valley,' W. S. ROSE. This beautiful part of the home district of Kent is but seldom painted. This is the most important work the artist has ever exhibited. The foreground is rich and elaborate, and the dispositions generally effective, but the tone is somewhat cold.

No. 420. 'Children at the Well,' W. GRAY. A subject from the wooded scenery of the Isle of Wight. Treated with much elegance and independence of feeling.

No. 443. 'Tracked and Caught,' W. J. WEBB. This is an allusion to the custom prevalent in America and the West Indies of pursuing the track of runaway and rebellious negroes with bloodhounds. In this case a slave appears looking through an opening in a cell door, which is guarded by a leash of dogs. The picture displays indefatigable diligence in dealing with detail.

No. 448. 'A Moss Trooper,' F. WEEKES. A mounted figure in the harness of the seventeenth century riding at speed, either in flight or pursuit. The subject has been carefully studied.

No. 465. 'Lilac and Lily of the Valley,' T. WORSEY—with the addition of a bird's nest, leaves, and tendrils of creeping ivy, &c.; painted with much beauty of execution.

There are, as usual, two screens of water-colour drawings, among which No. 178, 'The Judgment of Paris,' FLORENCE CLAXTON, is an "idyll" caricaturing the leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite sect, especially Mr. Millais, who is made to play Paris. It is extremely personal.

No. 189. 'Dawlish, North Devon,' R. H. NIBBS. A sea-shore view, which would be powerful were it not heavy in manipulation.

No. 205. 'Rustic Bridge,' EDWARD MARTIN. The subject has been well chosen; the execution is clear and firm.

No. 212. 'A Kitchen Interior,' J. O. WATSON. Carefully drawn, but the shades are heavy and opaque.

No. 218. 'The Importunate Beggar,' Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. The beggar is one of the Brethren of Mercy in his black robe and masked hood, receiving a contribution from a woman of Rome, or the Romagna, who carries an infant. The latter are mellow and brilliant in colour, and the treatment of the group constitutes a very powerful picture. Another work by Mrs. Murray, entitled 'A Present of Fruit,' shows a study of a girl of Teneriffe, with a basket of grapes; it is a drawing of much sweetness.

Thus it will be seen that the strength of this exhibition is its landscapes, some of which evidence a learning that is only acquired as the happy result of years of earnest communion with nature.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

PAINTINGS OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

When a happy combination of circumstances, such as results from a family wintering at Rome or Florence, enables youthful travellers to visit the great repositories of Italian Art, the mind unbiassed and unprejudiced at that early age, derives impressions of admiration, mingled with reverence, from beholding the paintings of religious subjects executed by such masters as Andrea del Sarto, Raffaele, Leonardo da Vinci, Domenichino, and others. These impressions, deep and vivid, remain with maturing age, and in after life associate themselves, perhaps unconsciously, with those which are called forth and sustained by religious worship. In the scriptural and other religious works of the early masters, the Christian virtues are personified by the most beautiful and engaging forms; whilst those merits which pertain to grouping, attitude, and apparel, combine to render these subjects charming as well as elevating, awakening noble though often solemn aspirations. The embodiments of form and colour which the art of painting realizes, come indeed so close to human nature that they can but faintly suggest those spiritual and, therefore, less tangible attributes which may be dwelt upon in a discourse, but they present images all the more vivid to the mind, and which are, therefore, the more suited for retention by the memory; and there are various works of the early Italian school, in which superhuman attributes are so gracefully introduced, as to show that a beautiful moral, or an incident which awakens the kindest feelings, may in painting be invested with the garb of a pleasing symbol, without glaringly contradicting truth.

The mind is, doubtless, greatly assisted by the clear and definite forms presented by paintings, in its attempts to build up ideal images which are connected more or less with the domain of mystery, but which are linked as it were to earth by such attributes as can be gracefully yet forcibly expressed in the language of Art. And the more beautiful, dignified, and lovely are those embodiments of divine or preternatural forms which assist the imagination in its ideal conceptions, the more gratifying and instructive will these prove to each individual observer who has the good fortune to find unlimited access to the works in which such Art-renderings have been effected. So that Italian peasants who witness in their churches and chapels the best material representations which have been produced of the events connected with our Saviour's life, or of some less definite narrative of the early Jewish people, which time has consecrated, could meditate more vividly and more refinedly on those subjects than could the same classes in countries where such excellent specimens of sacred Art are wanting.

Happily that diffusion of good pictures which results from trade, and the dissemination of prints of the best works, supply, in some measure, the deficiency of religious schools of Art in those countries where they never were established. But the progressive increase of population, and the relative insufficiency of religious pictures, yearly diminished by the ravages of time, must sooner or later render a fresh supply necessary. There are, therefore, grounds for surmising that modern Art of superior excellence will, sooner or later, be called upon to fill up those vacancies which time has occasioned: to it will devolve the noble task of supplying the

minds of the uneducated with substantial images of divine beauty, and of presenting to them in refined but unmistakable lineaments, the various actions of virtue and piety which the scriptures unfold.

As the walls of churches in Protestant countries are forbidden to religious paintings, it might, perhaps, be well to set aside rooms in our public galleries to be exclusively appropriated to religious Art. In all well arranged galleries some kind of classification having reference either to the period or to the school of the works exhibited is adopted; but, singular as it may seem, an arrangement founded on the subject or character of the pictures is seldom, if ever, to be met with. But in regard to modern English Art, the pictures being all of one period, and as it were of one school, classification, if aimed at all, would naturally resolve itself into a distinct separation of those subjects or styles which are of the most opposite character; and religious pictures would more particularly claim, by such an arrangement, to be kept separate from pictures of a mixed character. By this kind of selection each visitor to the gallery would be prepared to contemplate religious pictures with the composure and reverence which they always claim in those countries where such paintings are not mixed up with profane or trivial subjects; and this elevated branch of Art, itself encouraged by the advantages and distinction thus conferred upon it, would, doubtless, after some years of preparation, attain a degree of excellence which modern genius and industry have hitherto failed in realizing: whilst the public generally, and especially the classes who cannot easily travel to those countries which have been the cradles of religious Art, would find in such home-raised collections a new source of pure and earnest enjoyment.

H. R. T.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.

SIR,—Inquiries having been made, in consequence of my letter which you kindly inserted in your February number of the *Art-Journal*, as to the benefits arising from the Gower Street School, I beg to state that this institution, in common with the other Department schools, is gradually, but not the less certainly, working a marked change in Art-manufactures, and in the taste of the people throughout England. In reference to the good effected by preparing young women for remunerative employment, several cases have come under my own immediate knowledge in which some of the students have not only succeeded in maintaining themselves, but also have been enabled to support near and dear relatives; and although the majority have hitherto joined the ranks of teachers, yet some have, notwithstanding many obstacles, made their way in designing for manufactures; and if the unfortunate prejudices which exist against female labour in this direction could be overcome, there are many students who have been educated in the Department schools who are fully competent to design patterns as excellent as any which are daily produced in this country by foreign artists, or sent from Paris.

A former student only the other day bore testimony to the benefits resulting from our teaching; she said,—“Miss Gann, in the business in which I am engaged, I am not called upon either to design or to draw, for we keep a French designer; but I am thankful for the instruction I received in the Gower Street School, which I find most beneficial in enabling me to judge of the respective merits of the designs drawn in our establishment, and sometimes to suggest suitable alterations.” I might also draw attention to Mr. Stewart's article in last month's number of the *Art-Journal*, entitled “Art-decoration a Suitable Employment for Women,” in which that gentleman mentions a hall-ceiling of Admiral Sir Maurice Berkley's house in London as having been lately decorated by a lady in the ordinary course of business. The young lady there alluded to was educated in our school, until she was promoted to the Training Department, Marlborough House. I quite agree with Mr. Stewart's remark, that “work in which the knowledge of drawing can be turned to account according to the capacity possessed, and which shall combine the substantial advantages of trade with the mental enjoyments of Art,” would be very desirable employment for many of our students. Art decoration, such as he speaks of, would be a new and inexhaustible field for female labour, and one which the training in our school would be eminently calculated to advance and elevate, as the school has always been praised for the bold *tempora* drawings done in it under Mrs. M'lan's superintendence.

Three of our evening students are at the present time employed in a glass factory daily, from ten till six, where they draw figure subjects and ornamental designs for glass windows, which they afterwards paint on the glass. At the late meeting of

the provisional committee held at Gower Street, some of their work was kindly lent for the inspection of the gentlemen, who expressed themselves much pleased with the execution. To any one who may feel sufficient interest to visit the school, I shall be happy to show some manufactured articles in Japan ware, which were both designed and executed by former students, fully proving that they are capable of being employed in various superior branches of Art-manufacture.

LOUISA GANN,
Superintendent.

[We desire again to direct the attention of our readers, who are liberally inclined, to the appeal we made last month on behalf of this school. A provisional committee, with Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., at its head, has been formed for collecting donations and subscriptions to prevent the institution from being finally closed.—ED. A.-J.]

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WORKS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

SIR,—At a time when our national Art-collections occupy, and so prominently, public attention as at present, the free consideration of their accumulation and arrangement is not only permissible, but salutary; and amidst the various propositions of late, there is one which unfortunately appears to have been lost sight of. I refer to the movement made by the Society of Arts in 1848, when the pictures and drawings of Mr. Mulready, R.A., were collected and exhibited as the inauguration of a project for the formation of a National Gallery of Modern British Art, by an annual exhibition of the collected works of some one living English master.

With this proposal you will, of course, be familiar, but as by some of your readers it may be forgotten, and to others, unknown, I would make a few remarks, believing publicity only is requisite to give it that place in the discussion of our Art-movements its importance claims. The object is to hold an annual exhibition of the collected works of some one English master towards the formation of a National Gallery of Modern British Art; this gallery to consist of works commissioned of each artist, respectively, whose pictures form the exhibition of the year, and paid for by the proceeds of that exhibition, and subscriptions for the same period; the commission being placed in his hands, unrestricted as to size or subject, he being simply invited to produce a work by which he would desire to be known hereafter, and with which his name should be associated in the annals of his school and age.

This project, originated by the Society of Arts as far back as 1846, and forming the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. H. Cole, read at a meeting of that body, on the 27th January, 1847, has always appeared to me the most truly national undertaking in reference to Art ever suggested in this country; being calculated to promote its advancement by measures in the highest degree honourable to the artist, and enriching the nation by a series of works worthy of representing British Art, and in a place to which the artist would proudly point as his credentials to posterity. Under such incentives what might not be anticipated from men whose pencils have already achieved so much, and whose works have so largely tended to place the English school foremost among those of modern times?

Thus should we acquire a real national gallery; national, not merely in the sense of belonging to the nation, but as composed of, and illustrating, the genius of the country by works of our own school and time. Such a gallery, but for the munificence of men like Mr. Vernon and Mr. Sheepshanks, would be still unknown to us (with which collections the works resulting from such project could be worthily incorporated, yet forming a separate section); but, grateful as the nation is for the almost invaluable treasures comprised in those donations, and proud as we justly are of the patriotic spirit prompting their donors to such acts of more than princely liberality, there still exists a want of some more public, nay, national, recognition of our Art and artists,—something beyond that which the mere visiting of exhibitions, or the purchase of prints and pictures suffices for; and which desideratum would seem to be supplied by the realization of the project now in question, whereby the genius of our living men would be fairly and fully represented, each by his own works, in the national series, and our tribute to Art itself rendered by this public recognition of its professors and followers.

Yet, with all these claims for our support, and the benefits concomitant upon its success, the plan appears to have failed after the exhibition of the works of Etty; and in seeking to assign the causes of so untoward a result, I shall not, I think, be misunderstood in stating that, notwithstanding the nationality and warmth with which our country-

men enter upon the various intellectual and social movements of the time, and the cheerfully responsive hand proffered to whatever engages their interest or enlists their sympathy, their views of Art—that is, of Art in the abstract, for its own sake purely as Art—are wanting in that thorough apprehension and feeling essential to the success of a movement wherein a purely Art-motive is the basis of action: and that I am not without grounds to justify such conclusions, I would point to this proposal first entertained in 1846, the accomplishment of which would have reflected the highest honour on our country and school, whilst its failure has become an abiding reproach. It would be difficult to conceive any project more confidently appealing for immediate support—more worthy of assistance, or more certainly tending to the elevation of our Art at home, or its renown abroad, than some such national gathering of modern works; whilst no mode of procedure could be more honourable to the artist, less costly to the nation, or more effective as a means of Art-education, than thus placing before the public the artistic mind of the age,—the index and reflex of our civilization and refinement.

Let me ask who that saw, at the Society of Arts in 1848, the exquisite works of Mr. Mulready (the painter's real autobiography), or the same rooms when irradiated by the Venetian splendours of Etty, would not rejoice in the anticipation of beholding a similar gathering of the matchless power of Maclise—the life-like animals of Landseer—the refinement of character of Leslie—the home scenes of Creswick—the breezy coasts of Stanfield—or the many high special excellences of others too numerous to specify, but whose works have earned a world-wide renown, and the influences of whose genius shall endure as long as the human mind retains its susceptibility to the grand and beautiful. It is true we have here no crosses and orders for the men who, in ministering to the highest of our intellectual enjoyments, raise the standard of our rank in the scale of civilization; but the possession of a niche in such a temple of fame as is proposed, would be a welcome exchange for all the decorations in the gift of an emperor.

If the occasional exhibition of a separate master can be made successful as a private commercial speculation, are we not justified in hoping for a far greater success from a project claiming the interest and support of all classes, by addressing itself to our national pride, and having for its aim ends beyond the sum total of a tradesman's profit-sheet?

Far more just were it to our artists to bring together the labours of each whilst living, that in the hand-writing of his works he may stake his claim for fame, and the world give judgment on the cause: better that the rank and value of his work were more fully realized to its author while yet in life and strength to prize such estimate and reap its reward, than, in the “hope deferred” that “maketh the heart sick,” drag on year after year of weary expectancy, trusting to the “markets” becoming “steady” as his hand grows palsied.

However, the present seems a turning-time in the tide of Art; the general interest becoming manifested for the subject leads to the hope that a more thorough knowledge of its nature, principles, and scope, will be felt by all seeking to cultivate its study or love. A healthy reaction appears to be setting in after the nauseating, puerile monstrosities of Pre-Raphaelitism; and as out of evil comes good, let us trust the fallacies of that deluded sect will have clearly shown, that “morbidly close exactness, at the cost of truth of impression,” is no more Art, than the minute enumeration of the veins in a dock-leaf is a pastoral poem. Hence, in proportion to the need of healthy instruction, increase the responsibilities of the public writer and teacher. To what depth (for good or evil) the influences of the author penetrate every stratum of society, may be seen in the case of the writer of “Modern Painters.” But since the veil of delusion is now passing from the eyes of those until now so recently blinded by the specious sophistry of the popular dogmatist, we may hope a more healthy tone will restore their mental vision,—for “it is the soul that sees,”—teaching them that the study of nature engenders a love of the beautiful—that consumption and fever are disease—deformity and distortion the exception, not the rule of nature. Let those wavering between the shifting phantasies of a visionary and the realities of the true faith, be led to understand that a comprehensiveness of view, a concentration of detail, and a combination of great general powers, are the necessary qualifications of those called to the high ministry of legitimate Art; and soon will be scattered to the winds the puling moonshine, that Art, ay, in its highest aim and noblest aspirations, is the poor, petty, microscopic niggling, the world has of late, with such imperious insolence, been commanded to worship.

T.

CERAMIC PAPIER MÂCHÉ

A PLASTIC SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOD CARVINGS.

OUR attention has been directed to an invention which appears to promise many advantages. The object aimed at has been the production of imitations of carved wood by a plastic material which, admitting of a process of moulding, might be manufactured with much economy, and which, by the subsequent application of carving, might be rendered in the highest degree artistic, and be susceptible of the most delicate finish.

We have already given, in the *Art-Journal*, descriptions of the manufacture of Papier Mâché, and of the Fibrous Slab. The material which we have now to describe, differs in some respects from either of these, although there are some points of resemblance. Paper pulp, or fibrous material, are the base of either; but this plastic body, which has been patented by Mr. John Cowdery Martin, of Barrow, would appear to possess a peculiarly homogeneous structure, which ensures great tenacity. To this is due the power of carving upon it after the ornamental cast has been made. It works as readily as wood, and, by a careful admixture of the proper colours with the composition, any kind of wood can be imitated with great exactness and beauty. From the examples which we have seen of manufactured articles, this "plastic material" appears likely to occupy a very important place in a division of our Art-manufactures which requires extension, that extension having been hitherto retarded by the cost of production. We allude more especially to carvings in wood, and imitations thereof.

The following extract from Mr. Martin's specification explains the character of the material:—"The compound is composed of twenty-eight parts (dry) by weight of any fibrous substance of which paper may be made, reduced to pulp by means of an ordinary beating engine, twenty parts of resin or pitch, ten parts of soda or potash, to render the resin soluble, twenty-four parts of glue, twelve parts of drying oil, and one part of acetate or sugar of lead, or other substance capable of hardening or drying oils. The pulp after leaving the beating engine is to be drained and slightly pressed under a screw or other press, to free it partly from water. The resin and soda are then to be boiled together and well mixed. The glue is to be broken up in pieces, and melted in a separate vessel with as much water as will cover it, and then to be mixed with the resin and soda, which mixture is then to be added to the pulp, and thoroughly incorporated with it; the acetate of lead, well mixed in the oil, is then to be added, and the whole mass or compound is then to be thoroughly mixed.

"The quantity of resin and alkali in proportion to the glue used might vary, or the glue might even be dispensed with, when the acetate of lead would be proportionately increased. After mixing the compound, it is to remain some days before using, to free it from some of its moisture, when it may be well kneaded and pressed into suitable moulds for use, the moulds being previously brushed with oil, when the compound is worked sufficiently stiff, or with oil in which is mixed some acetate of lead, when worked with more moisture. After leaving the mould the article taken from it is to be thoroughly dried, or, what is preferable, baked in an oven at a moderate heat, when it acquires many of the peculiarities of wood, as it may be cut or carved and polished, if required."

It will be observed that the paper or fibrous pulp is held together as a coherent mass by means of a resin soap and glue, to which is added some fat oil rendered drying by the agency of sugar of lead. The plastic substance resulting must necessarily possess very great hardness, and prove exceedingly durable. It is also evident that such a composition when hardened is susceptible of receiving the highest polish. When the manufacture becomes more extensive and developed it may possibly demand some further notice from us. At present, speaking from the examples before us, and from a careful examination of all the conditions involved in the production of this plastic material, we feel impressed with the idea that it will become an important element in extending that taste for artistic decoration which we have ever striven to encourage.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—In the notice which appeared in our February Number of the fountain recently erected at Holyrood Palace, it was stated that the figures were "carved" by Mr. Thomas of London: we have since learned that they were "modelled" by this well-known sculptor, and "carved" by Mr. John Rhind, of Edinburgh, formerly chief assistant of Mr. Handyside Ritchie. Mr. Rhind's statue of 'Hannibal,' in the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, shows him to be a sculptor of more than ordinary talent. It is only justice to him to correct the error we have inadvertently circulated: the information was, however, conveyed to us by a correspondent in Edinburgh.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Fairbairn has lost no time in giving a practical character to his great project of a noble gallery of Art; we have so much reliance on his energy and ability as to believe he will actually bring it to a successful issue. They are marvellous men, the men of Manchester, gathering gold in heaps and expending it "grandly." To them the artists look for true and liberal patrons; it is by them nearly all the leading pictures of our school are bought: without their aid many who are more than prosperous would be struggling for fame—even for life, as did the master-painters of England forty years ago. A meeting has been held, at which the mayor of Manchester presided, to enable Mr. Fairbairn to explain his scheme. It is embodied in the following resolution:—"That the formation in this city of a large and comprehensive institution to be dedicated to the Arts, to be erected by voluntary contributions and opened freely to all, would provide a most desirable opportunity of instruction and rational enjoyment to all classes of its inhabitants; and that in the opinion of this meeting, the wealthy, and especially the employers of Manchester and Salford, may with great propriety be called upon to originate and liberally contribute to the establishment of an institution which would enable the collectors and lovers of the Arts in the neighbourhood to employ the treasures they possess for the benefit of their fellow citizens, and thereby offer the opportunity for the profitable and refining occupation of the rapidly-increasing leisure hours of the working population." The results have not yet been announced, but they are certainly promising. Yet it looks like a dream of glory to imagine a hundred thousand pounds collected for such a purpose: yielding no interest, giving no probability of a return, except the honour and happiness of advancing the true interests and promoting the real welfare of a people. This is, indeed, a huge per-centage, but one that only patriotism and benevolence can rightly comprehend and appreciate. Mr. Fairbairn, young as he is, will have made a name that will be foremost among the truly great men of his age and country.

At the annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art, held on the 1st of last month, it was stated by the secretary that the annual subscriptions had gradually fallen off from £355 in 1852, to £240 in 1859. This is scarcely to be credited among those who are about to subscribe their thousands for an Art-gallery; if the one is to be done, surely the other ought not to be left undone. What is the use of an Art-gallery unless the public is taught how best to enjoy it, and to make it serviceable?

SHEFFIELD.—The annual Conversazione of the Sheffield School of Art, the fourth that has taken place, was held on the 21st of February, when a large assembly was gathered together to inspect the numerous works of Art collected for exhibition, and to witness the distribution of prizes awarded to the successful candidates among the pupils of the school. The pictures contributed included examples of many distinguished painters, British and foreign: Redgrave, Linnell, Stanfield, T. S. Cooper, Nicol, R.S.A., Williams, J. F. Herring, &c. &c.; Achenbach, Bodom, Frère, Van Daele, Madille, Chossion, Troyon, Veroyssat, Vautier, Valters, Both, Swinfelder, &c. &c. Mr. Redgrave, R.A., superintendent, after addressing the company in a speech of very considerable length and of great interest, distributed the prizes, of which the principal were—The "Norfolk Prize" of twenty guineas to Henry Archer, for the best design and model of a centre-dish, or salver; the "Mayor's Prize" of ten guineas to Read Turner, for the best design and model of a rose-water ewer and dish; the "Montgomery Medal" value five guineas, to Richard Lunn, for the best drawing of wild flowers and plants; and "Special prizes of Messrs. Martin, Hall, & Co." of five guineas each to George Theaker, for the best design of a claret jug, and to Walter Nicholson, for the best design for fish knives. In concluding the distribution, Mr. Redgrave said he feared he had

been tedious, but if the students of the Sheffield School would work so hard, and win so many prizes, the operation of distributing them must take some time. The maximum number of medals that could be awarded to any school was thirty, and he had now had the pleasure of distributing twenty-nine. He had great pleasure in bearing his testimony to the highly satisfactory state of this school. On all occasions, his colleagues, Sir C. Eastlake, Mr. Macleise, and himself, had observed with marked admiration the works of the Sheffield School, especially in design. He hoped it would not only keep up its present success, but become still more successful. It did infinite credit to Mr. Young Mitchell and the assistant masters, whose duty was done very conscientiously. He appealed to the Sheffield public heartily to support this school.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The exhibition recently opened by M. F. Petit, in the *locale* built for the works of Ary Scheffer, is a great acquisition at the early time of the year to the Parisian and foreigners who visit Paris: in it are some of the best works of the most distinguished French artists—Bonington, Marilhat, Paul Delaroche, C. Roqueplan, Ary Scheffer, Alf. Jolant, Charlet, Renouville, Ingres, Horace Vernet, Robert Fleury, Eug. Delacroix, H. Flandrin, Decamps, Henri Lers (d'Anvers), Gallait, Isabey, Th. Rousseau, P. Rousseau, Diaz, Brascassat, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, M. Brouere, Meissonnier, Davy, Corot, Daubigny, Gudin, Hébert, Gérôme, Bida, Picou, Breton, Raffet, Desgoffes, Tassaert, &c., &c. They were selected from the galleries of many eminent amateurs, and the choice has been made in a conscientious spirit and with judgment; the exhibition is a real treat to all those who know anything of the school and of fine Art. The catalogue calls it the "first exhibition;" we assume, therefore, it will be followed by others: they will prove advantageous in Paris, where the "Salon" is opened only every alternate year.—Amongst the improvements of Paris the right side of the *Champs Elysées* is to be covered with gardens to correspond with those round the *Palais d'Industrie* on the left.—The hall of the hospital, *La Charité*, has been painted in fresco, gratuitously, by artists in memory of Lantara, the eminent landscape painter, who died there: a poet wrote for him the following epitaph:—

Cl-git le peintre Lantara,
La Foi lui tenait lieu de livre,
L'Espérance le faisait vivre,
Et la Charité l'enterra.

Within the last two years 210 statues or groups in bronze, marble, and stone, have been placed in the Louvre. At present it is the square of the old Louvre which exhibits the talents of the various sculptors: some of the works are copies from antiquity, others are original. The latter are 'Phryne,' by Elias Robert; a 'Nymph,' by M. Courtet; 'Hebe,' by Hayuenin; 'Penserosa,' by Lanzirotti; 'Paris,' by Etex; 'Helen,' by Etex; 'Inspiration' (2), 'Omphale' (2), 'Sappho' (2), 'Bathsheba,' by Prouha, Eudes, Chambard, Crauck, Loison, Oudine, and Travaux, respectively. The sculptures have been a great assistance and encouragement to French artists.—We read in the *Patrie* that the exportations from Rome, in 1859, of statues and ancient and modern paintings, amount in value to the sum of 380,330 crowns: the ancient paintings are estimated at 15,136 crowns, modern at 133,589; ancient sculpture at 1,690, and modern sculpture 229,370 crowns. These sums are given by the minister of Fine Arts and Industry, and do not include a statue found at the gate of St. John of Lateran, purchased by a Russian at a very high price.—At the recent sale of Lord Seymour's gallery of paintings a picture, of moderate size, by Bonington, was sold to Lord Hertford for 49,600 francs.

GHENT.—The brothers Van Eyck, who flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century, have, until somewhat recently, been regarded as the inventors of oil painting: an additional proof to the contrary has been made by the discovery in the Hôtel de Ville of Ghent. A parchment has been found there containing a description of oil painting, which proves that the art was known in Ghent in 1328, in Paris 1391, in Lille 1383, and in Tournay in 1351; and that the Van Eycks made use of oil in painting at Ghent in 1411 and in 1419, for the works executed by them in the saloons of the Hôtel de Ville.

BRUSSELS.—An exhibition of works of Art by living artists is announced to open at Brussels on the 1st of August, and to end on the 30th of September next.

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

No less "strange" than "the uses of adversity" are many of the conditions which experience declares to be incidental to prosperity; and, in like manner, a state of the most advanced civilization is ordinarily characterized by inconsistencies, that with difficulty find a parallel under the rudest aspect of savage life. Thus, we live in the era of the locomotive, of the electric telegraph, and of the steam press, and yet we have but just learned to recognise the justice of that Egyptian usage which removed from the midst of crowded cities the cemeteries of the dead; and even now we are not advanced far beyond such experimental efforts as may eventually lead us to provide supplies of pure water sufficient to meet the requirements of our dense populations. The pernicious and degrading evils of intemperance we know but too well; yet, while seeking to arrest and to check the progress of this crying evil, we have only now begun to strike our blows at its roots, by inviting the thirsty to public drinking fountains. At length, however, the first steps have been taken in the direction which so long has been altogether disregarded, and a free supply of pure water—obtainable with ease in situations and under circumstances where it is most needed—has become one of the great philanthropic objects of the day. This is in accordance with that admirable principle by which the career of vice is at least deprived of the plea that it is inevitable—that it is a necessity, naturally and unavoidably arising from the existing constitution of things.

The public drinking fountain offers to the thirsty an alternative. It does not affect, it does not aim or even desire to coerce men to be sober; but it gives to all a chance of sobriety. It enables the poor in our cities and towns to choose whether their thirst shall be allayed by its cool stream, or by what the public-house has to offer from its "stores." It asks no payment for water, if men are willing or desirous to drink water; and it leaves them to determine which is the better, the free draught from the spring, or the costly potations that contain ingredients of a character so dangerous and perchance so destructive. Without drinking fountains, in the great majority of instances, persons in the humbler stations of life are actually compelled to frequent and habitually to spend portions of their small incomes at public-houses. It is most important that the fountains should be regarded simply as the means of removing any such necessity, and substituting for it an even choice between water that invites the thirsty, and strong drinks which cannot be obtained without being paid for. The object is to enable men to obtain water, not to compel them to drink it. Drinking fountains act as moral agents, in setting before men the means of acting as free moral agents themselves. They provide water, and they say,—"Here is water: do you desire to drink it? If so, come, it is for you. It is pure, and fresh, and cool. Come, drink—drink freely." But there is not even a hint at compulsion. There is no thought of any

such saying as this,—"Here is water; this you must drink, if you drink at all. Venture to take a draught from any other supplies, and there is a penalty which the law will not fail to exact."

It is the same with every most important and most salutary agency for public amelioration: in every instance men must be dealt with as men. The good has to be placed before them as well as the evil. They have become familiar with the evil already; well, now enable them to become at least no less familiar with the good. Men have fallen into habits of intemperance: let temperance at least be within their reach. Men have been content to remain in a lamentable condition of mental and

the same time they *only* provide and offer water. Whether the water shall or shall not be drunk, remains to be determined absolutely by men themselves.

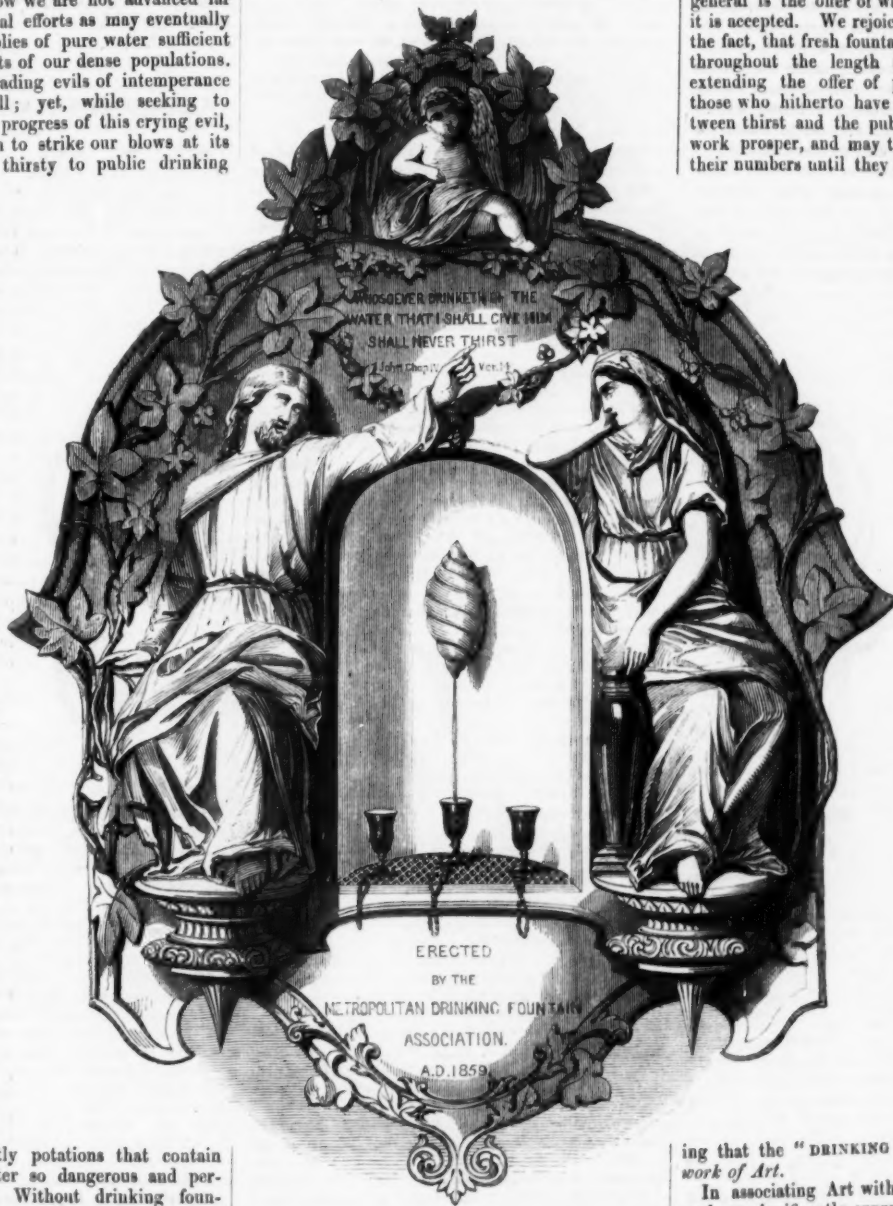
And where these beneficent, these eloquently silent fountains have been placed, men have very clearly expressed how highly prized are the offer and the alternative which they make. The actual use of the public fountains has already far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of their founders; and, as the fountains increase in numbers, and as their value accordingly becomes more generally known, each individual fountain is found to have an increasing demand upon its resources. The more general is the offer of water, the more abundantly it is accepted. We rejoice to know, and to record the fact, that fresh fountains are rising almost daily throughout the length and breadth of the land, extending the offer of pure water continually to those who hitherto have known no alternative between thirst and the public-house. May the good work prosper, and may these fountains increase in their numbers until they form a confederacy no less

numerous than the establishments which, if they do not tempt men into intemperance, certainly do enable them to become temperate.

There is one circumstance connected with the movement for establishing free public drinking fountains, which exercises a direct claim upon ourselves for our especial approval and support. This is the artistic character which the actual fountains have been made to assume. It is impossible to speak too strongly in commendation of this felicitous adornment of the water-fountains. Even the most pernicious of the public-houses abound in gorgeous and glittering decorations, and seek to cover over their real deformities with a mask of splendour. Very different is the beauty that is appropriate to the water-fountain; and yet it has, and ought to have, a beauty peculiarly its own. Nature loves to clothe with her loveliest charms the crystal springs which well forth from the ground. Poetry ever associates a fountain with the brightest and the fairest imagery; and so it is altogether most becoming that the "DRINKING FOUNTAIN" should be a work of Art.

ing that the "DRINKING FOUNTAIN" should be a work of Art.

In associating Art with our drinking fountains, we have significantly expressed the pure excellency of their functions. We have also, by the same means, and at the same time, grouped these fountains together in a beautiful fellowship with the fruitful sources of natural fertility and verdure, and also with every spring that is famous in its historical and poetic associations. There is a charm in the very words—*drinking fountains*. They lead the thoughts to the weary and the thirst-worn of other ages and of distant lands, who sought repose and refreshment where there were "fountains" of water. The patriarchs, digging wells as the most precious of possessions, arise in our remembrance: Moses appears, with his rod uplifted over the water-yielding rock: we call to mind how ONE greater than Moses sat on the way-side at a well—a "drinking fountain"—and conversed with a daughter of that city who went thither, as her custom was, to



moral ignorance: then place before them the option of obtaining a consistent education. Men have become inured to a system of inhabiting dwellings in which comfort and propriety are alike impossible: empower them, therefore, to obtain habitations consistent with civilized life, and suitable for the members of a Christian community. The grand improvement that is to be desired so ardently will proceed—and indeed it can proceed only—from the spontaneous choice of the better part by men who are free to choose.

In no aspect is the existing effort to establish free public drinking fountains more worthy of attention, than in its appeal to the better natures of those whom it seeks to benefit. The fountains are "free," in every sense of the word. They provide water without payment. They offer water to all. At

draw, little imagining that she should be bidden, on that memorable evening, to drink once and for ever from the fountain-head of living waters. Nor do we forget

"Silva's fount, that flow'd
Fast by the oracles of God."

And, in their becoming order, we pass in mental review the celebrated fountains of classic antiquity; and from them our train of thought glides onwards, through the long vista of years, to the many "holy wells" of the middle ages. With the Roman poet, we admire the fountain that sparkled, in his fair Italy, with a splendour more brilliant than the glittering crystal; and then we dwell delightedly upon the picture which memory paints in her most vivid colours of the long-neglected well, down beneath the zigzag fretted arch in ruined Glastonbury. Again, another poet of old Rome carries us with him to that cool grot, *nymphaeum domus*, where, deep in the living rock, the bright waters slept to their own murmurings; and, once more, a master minstrel of our own bids us mark

"A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,—
'DRINK, WEARY PILGRIM, DRINK, AND PRAY
FOR THE KIND SOUL OF SIBYL GREY,
WHO BUILT THIS CROSS AND WELL.'"

Fierce and deadly was the
strife that once raged up-
on the plain of Flodden,
where

"From out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet
still,"

though

"Time's wasting hand has
done away
The simple cross of Sibyl
Grey,
And broke her font of
stone."

In like manner, it is in the very centre of the stern battle of life that our "drinking fountains" now spring forth, suitably adorned with such beauties as Art knows so well how to provide, and with legends of precious teaching graven above or beside their streams. And we build them for endurance, as well as for present utility. They are designed to flow on, as perennial streams, are these "drinking fountains;" and their structural and artistic accessories are intended to disregard even "Time's wasting hand." Granite and iron are the materials with which we construct our fountains. And both the granite and the iron have learned to yield obedience to the will of Art.

It is, however, more especially to drinking fountains formed of iron that we now desire to direct the thoughtful attention of our readers. We assume their ready and cordial assent to the *drinking fountain principle*; and we have no hesitation in concluding that their views accord with our own in considering that every drinking fountain ought to be as beautiful as well as a practically beneficial and useful object. Durability also is necessarily an important quality—that peculiar durability which is no less competent to resist even wilful injuries than to endure the inevitable wear and tear of time. Iron, prepared in a manner that effectually defies the action both of the atmosphere and of liquids, naturally suggests itself as the most suitable material for the great majority of these fountains. It can be only in comparatively exceptional instances that the cost of the fountains is held to be altogether secondary to the excellence both of their material and of their art. Sculptured granite, por-

phyry and basalt, or bronze wrought after original designs, must certainly be at least comparatively rare. But iron fulfils precisely the conditions that are inseparable from the ordinary and prevalent examples. It is strong, enduring, and consistent; it freely admits artistic treatment, and it is obtainable at moderate charges. And this appropriate material is being dealt with in an eminently satisfactory manner. As the fountains themselves have secured a systematic support, so also there are artists who have devoted their peculiar attention to the production and execution of suitable designs for them in iron. As a matter of course, the same artists are prepared to execute fountains in other

carefulness and a delicacy of finish in these works, combined with a breadth and freedom of composition and general treatment, which assign to them a high status as works of Art; at the same time they are no less admirable as manufactures, being most happily adapted to the successful discharge of their appointed duties. The iron has the appearance of having been permanently bronzed, those parts of the structures which come into immediate contact with the water being coated with a species of enamel. The figures and other objects which constitute the designs, together with the commemorative and other legends inscribed upon these fountains, are executed with extraordinary sharpness and precision. This reflects equal credit upon the artists whose designs have proved to be so well adapted to successful casting, and upon the actual producers who have realized in so artistic a manner the original conceptions of the sculptors.

We have engraved four of the designs of the Messrs. Wills, which are amongst the first that they succeeded in producing in iron in a manner that was decidedly satisfactory. Since the execution of

our wood engravings, the studio of the artists has witnessed their rapid progress with fresh designs, which show a considerable advance in treatment, beyond the examples that now accompany these columns. And not only have the Messrs. Wills been successful in the development of varied designs, but they have also greatly improved the structural forms and arrangements of the fountains. They are more deeply recessed, and the reliefs are also bolder and more effective. The compositions that at the present moment are engaging the special attention of the sculptors—as we were glad to observe on the occasion of a recent visit to their studio—comprise a variety of natural productions, that have a direct association with springs or fountains of fresh water. This is precisely what we consider to be most desirable. Figures we would have to be generally so far subordinate to the leading idea, that they should rather convey some impression, or impersonate some incident, that may be consistently associated with the object and use of a drinking fountain, than themselves constitute the primary and most impressive feature of the decorative composition. Let

the fountain be an Art-fountain, artistically decorated, and let it convey some definite teaching, or express some peculiar symbolism by means of its accessories. It is also of great importance that classic sentiments should yield to such as are either of native growth, or which may be directly interwoven with national ideas and traditions; and also that there should exist at least a general consistency of sentiment between the Art-character of any fountain and the local peculiarities of the district in which it may be placed. The sculptors who have already accomplished so much, will not fail to carry out their project throughout the wide field of subject material that expands before them; and they will find their own treatment of these drinking fountains to be continually acquiring fresh excellence, as they proceed to think still more seriously, and to work with even increased enthusiasm. And other artists will both share and encourage them in their labours, until the drinking



materials, as other artists are ready to undertake commissions for drinking fountains; but it is to the Messrs. Wills Brothers, of Euston Road, that the promoters of drinking fountains, together with all who are interested in their diffusion and success, are eminently indebted for the ability, skill, and earnestness with which they have directed their thoughts to the production of iron fountains.

These gentlemen, sculptors by profession, and artists of no common ability, have considered the production of iron drinking fountains to be of sufficient importance to form a distinct class of Art-manufacture. Arrangements accordingly have been made by them with the directors of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, by means of which they have secured for their designs an artistic rendering that constitutes a new era in iron castings. There is a

fountains of England shall have become famous amongst her public works of Art, and shall have done much in their turn to impart a more artistic character to our cities and towns.

It is with the utmost satisfaction that we have thus opening before our view another illustration of the felicitous and appropriate co-operation of Art with manufacture. The iron drinking fountains are true "Art-manufactures." They are the productions of a two-fold agency: both the sculptors in London, and the iron-workers at Coalbrookdale, under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Crooke, have their own share in these works, and to each their proper meed of commendation and approval must be awarded. The excellence of the castings affords a fresh example of the truly wonderful manipulative ability with which iron is now rendered subservient to artistic treatment. However admirable the skill of the early workers in this metal, our own artists and artist-workmen have fully equalled their very best productions. The working of iron in association with Art is always regarded by us with the deepest interest, and we consequently derive the most lively gratification from the appearance of the Coalbrookdale fountains, at the same time that we see iron wrought so ably at Coventry for still more decided architectural purposes.

To return briefly to the general subject, we may suggest the propriety of extending very widely the practice of erecting drinking fountains as *monumental memorials*, or as *thank-offerings* for mercies and blessings received. A grateful tribute or a happy commemoration can scarcely find a more excellent mode of expression. The pure stream, as it flows continually, symbolizes with peculiar expressiveness both the heartfelt aspiration and the cherished remembrance; and the blessing which the waters dispense as they flow, is a truly touching echo to the sentiments as well of gratitude as of endearment.

It is another point of much interest that provision should be made, whenever circumstances render it available, for extending the water supply to thirsty animals, besides providing it for human wayfarers. And care must be taken, too, that our drinking fountains find their way into those localities where their presence is really most urgently required. This must necessarily be a matter to be gradually accomplished. Nor can its accomplishment altogether precede the general extension of these fountains in sites where their presence may be considered to be of a lesser degree of importance. It is not to be expected, nor indeed is it even to be desired, that every most thirsty spot should first be enabled to bear witness to the pious care of some modern Sibyl Grey. The work required will not be perfected, unless it be carried on far beyond the limits of the least favoured of our urban districts. We desire to have these pure fountains as well in the high places as in the lowest. We wish the occupants of the lowest to know, and to feel, that the same streams that flow freely beside their paths, pour forth exactly similar supplies in the midst of what are called the highways of fashion. The drinking fountains should find their way everywhere. Always absolutely free of access and use,

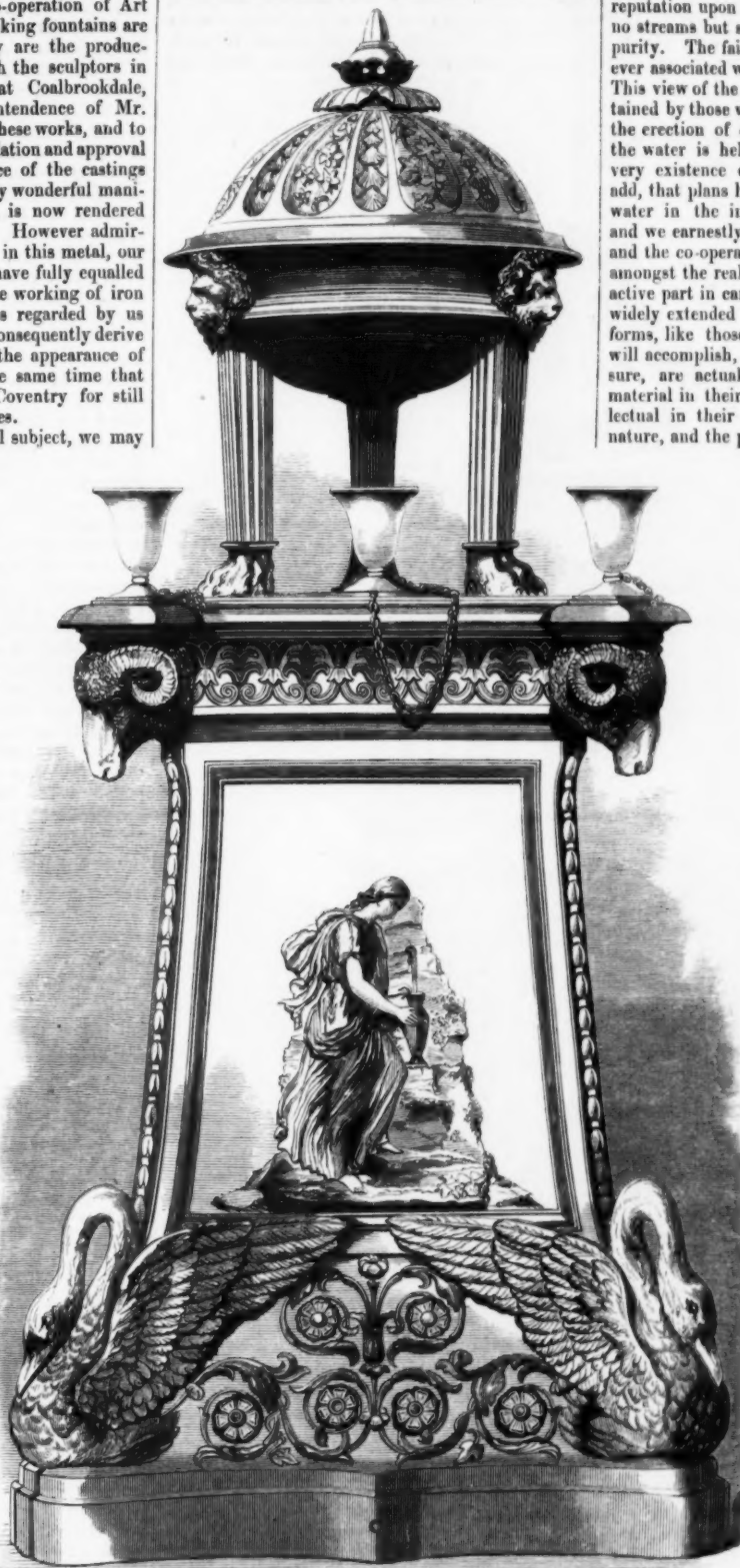
always sufficiently abundant, in every instance known to yield pure water only, they will only attain to complete success through the universality of their presence. And they must also be invariably attractive objects. Like nature's own works, our drinking fountains must always be beautiful. Their artistic

salubrious, but actually tainted with loathsome and noxious qualities. And it is truly sad to add, that these insidious elements are the most surely and the most fatally prevalent in water which has the brightest aspect, and is most refreshing to the taste. Now the drinking fountains have to build up their reputation upon the recognised fact of their yielding no streams but such as are distinguished for genuine purity. The fair imagery of the fountain is to be ever associated with the pure freshness of its waters. This view of the subject has been thoughtfully entertained by those who are most energetic in procuring the erection of drinking fountains. The purity of the water is held to be absolutely essential to the very existence of a drinking fountain. We may add, that plans have been formed for providing pure water in the instance of every drinking fountain; and we earnestly invite the sympathy, the support, and the co-operation of all who would desire to rank amongst the real benefactors of mankind, to take an active part in carrying out these plans in the most widely extended and comprehensive manner. Reforms, like those which public drinking fountains will accomplish, and which they already, in a measure, are actually accomplishing, though simply material in their basis, are highly moral and intellectual in their results. Such is the amount, the nature, and the permanency of the good to be thus

effected, and such the classes to be especially benefited, so simple also are the means employed in the work, that, without offending any, and without exciting even the slightest opposition, these fountains may surely with confidence rely upon a most cordial response from all to whom any appeal on their behalf may have been made.

To the munificence of an individual citizen, Mr. Melly, Liverpool is indebted for the erection of no less than thirty-five free public drinking fountains. In London the first fountain was erected by Mr. Gurney; and in several other towns the example so nobly set at Liverpool has been liberally followed. Still, it is evident that the provision of fountains in such numbers as would be really adequate to the requirements of all our large cities and towns, and more particularly in the instance of the metropolis, cannot be expected from individuals. The work can be accomplished in its completeness only by the combined action of many. There are, indeed, several valid reasons for such a work being undertaken and carried on by an influential and permanent association, constituted expressly for that purpose. The existence and action of such an association is required both by the nature and the magnitude of the undertaking, and by the peculiar functions to be discharged. The selection of sites; the guarantee both that the fountains should be suitably constructed, and that they should supply pure water; the choice of decorative subjects for the fountains themselves, together with the permanent supervision of them after their erection, are all duties peculiarly appropriate to an

association. The operations of such an association also would be eminently calculated to elicit and to impart a systematic character to the munificence of individuals in this matter. Persons desirous to assist in this good work, would readily co-operate



beauty also must symbolize their sterling character. It is amongst the most grievous of the evils attendant upon the still prevalent supply of water to our large towns, that in a very large proportion of instances the water itself is not only not pure and

with an association, in full confidence that their own efforts would by such means be most beneficially applied. And again, the very fact that a "Drinking Fountains Association" was in vigorous operation, would at once attract general attention to the subject, and would invite and stimulate co-operation on the part of the wealthy and the munificent. It would indeed be a primary object with such an association in every way to

cating the formation of a "Drinking Fountains Association," we are endeavouring to bring about a great public good, and accordingly it will be our earnest and anxious care both to devote our own attention to this subject, and to press it upon our readers. We hope at no distant period to advert to what such an association will have actually accomplished; and we look forward to being enabled to point, with becoming satisfaction, no less to the



stimulate and encourage local action, as, on the other hand, local and individual efforts would receive the most valuable aid from the central body. For ourselves, we are assured that in advo-

felicious adornment of our public places by the drinking fountains that will have sprung up in them, than to the beneficent influences which they will continue to exercise.

CHASTITY.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. DURHAM.

"Of all the Arts, that of sculpture is the one possessing the least extensive means as concerns the representation of actions—the least various in that of personages. Devoid of the resources of colours and their effects, and limited to a very small number of figures in statuary, and of aspects in *basso-relievo*, this art would express fewer things than any other, did it not compensate by the intrinsic worth of its images for what they want in diversity, and attain in them, by a collected and condensed significance, what they cannot acquire in number, extent, and narrative qualities. Hence, therefore, this art endeavours to collect together, under a small number of signs, a very large mass of ideas, and to produce the most forcible impression by the fewest means. . . . The secret of this art consists in expressing so much the more, the less it speaks."* If, as we understand the foregoing remarks, sculpture has such difficulties to contend against in the representation of narrative or history, where groups of figures are necessary, how much greater is the task where the sculptor has to symbolize a single idea, as it were? and that idea, moreover, one of a character, or quality, so closely allied with another similar to it, that the shades of difference are scarcely to be distinguished. Take, for example, the moral attributes of Purity, of which we gave a sculptured representation a few months ago, and of Chastity, as offered to us in Mr. Durham's work; again, Modesty and Simplicity may be classed in the same category;—all may be associated, but all do not convey exactly the same idea. Chastity is of a far higher quality than the others; it is a power self-sustained by the force and majesty of its own wisdom, and sense of duty to God and man: it is woman's own true attribute. Purity, and her sisters, Modesty and Simplicity, are only other names for Innocence, and are as applicable to childhood as to those of riper years. Milton has, we think, intimated such a distinction in the following exquisitely beautiful passage in "Comus"—

"So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and welcome vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly visitants
Begin to cast and teem on th' outward shape
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal."

And Dryden also, when, speaking of the influences of this virtue, he says,—

"Not the mountain ice
Congeal'd to crystal, is so frosty chaste
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,
And man's proud tyrant, passion."

Mr. Durham's statue, or rather statuette, for the figure is considerably below life-size, was suggested by another passage than that already quoted from the dramatic poem of "Comus,"—

"Thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see thee visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but the slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed."

It is only rendering justice to the sculptor, when we acknowledge that the head in our engraving does not adequately express the personal beauty and moral dignity of the original. The artist who made the drawing was unwell at the time, and his usually skilful hand and correct eye had lost somewhat of their cunning; but enough of the mind which created the figure is seen, to show that it is a work highly poetical in conception, and in harmony with the subject sought to be realized. The attitude is unaffected yet majestic, the drapery graceful in its flow and simple in arrangement. A larger amplitude and more fanciful display might, probably, have exhibited to greater advantage the mechanical skill of the sculptor; yet he has shown discretion and taste in avoiding what would have proved an error in the treatment of such a theme. The sceptre of lilies in the hands of Chastity is emblematical of her pure nature.

* Quatremère de Quincy on "The Nature, End, and Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts."



CHASTITY

ENGRAVED BY W ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY J DURHAM

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THE
NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:
THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

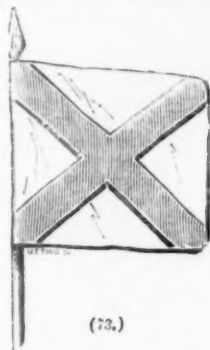
WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF
OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF A "MANUAL OF BRITISH ARCHEOLOGY,"
"CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONU-
MENTAL BRASSES AND SLABS," ETC., ETC.

PART X.—THE SECOND UNION-JACK.

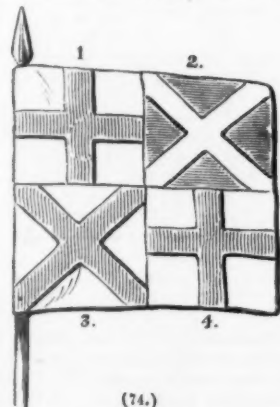
FROM the time of the proclamation of King James I., in 1606, until the commencement of the present century, the "Union-Jack" was a flag formed from a combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as I have represented it in (71), and it was the national banner of Great Britain—of the United Kingdom, that is, of England and Scotland.

Upon the first of January, 1801, in the reign of George III., in consequence of the union with Ireland, instructions were issued for the preparation of a fresh design for the national banner, in which the cross of St. Patrick—the ensign of the sister island—should be combined with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, "as they were then used." Such an order would imply the retention of the principle upon which the heralds of King James had produced their flag; and, accordingly, the process of *engrafting* was again to be adopted, with the view to produce a single flag of cruciform character from a combination of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick. The cross of St. Patrick (73), as I have already shown, like that of St. Andrew, is disposed diagonally, the colours



(72.)

being the same as those of the banner of St. George—that is, a red saltire resting upon a white field. Had the process of *quartering* been previously in use, and the first Union-Jack had been such a flag as is represented in (72), the banner of St. Patrick would have been introduced into the third quarter of the composition, and the new union-jack would have appeared like (74). The



(74.)

symbolism of such a flag as this, it may be observed, would have borne a strict analogy to the blazon of the royal banner in its present form (75). I place my sketches of the two flags (74 and 75) here side by side, for the purpose of facilitating a comparison between them. The cross of England, as it will be seen, would thus have appeared in the first and

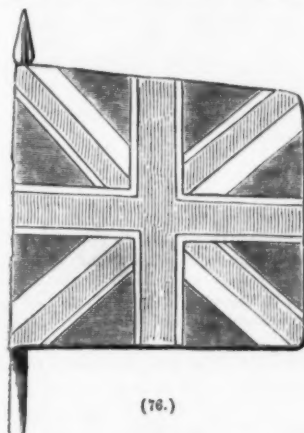
fourth quarters of the national banner, as the lions of England actually appear in the same quarters of the royal banner; the cross of Scotland, and the lion of Scotland, would have occupied similar positions in the second quarters of the two flags; and the cross and the harp of Ireland would have been displayed in the two flags, each in the third quarter. A coincidence in adjustment might thus have been produced, by far too remarkable to be passed over



(75.)

without notice. Such a quartered ensign might, indeed, be very happily added to the "National Flags of England," particularly if a device to represent the colonies were to be substituted in the fourth quarter for the second introduction of the red cross.

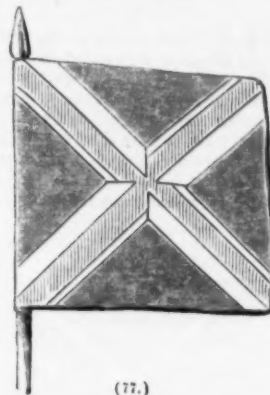
The actual form of the arrangement and composition of the Second Union-Jack—the Union-Jack of the present day—was in close conformity with the original flag, in accordance with the instructions of



(76.)

January 1st, 1801, at which time the new banner (76) was declared by a royal proclamation to be the "UNION FLAG OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND." It is by no means easy to give a clear description of the mode of proceeding adopted by the heralds on this occasion. Their object was to combine the cross of St. Patrick with the engrafted crosses of St. George and St. Andrew; and, as the crosses of St. Andrew and St. Patrick were crosses saltire, they appear to have considered that the desired combination would be most satisfactorily accomplished, by setting the limbs of these two crosses together in pairs, the white and the red alternating, and precedence being given to the white, in deference to the place occupied in the first Union-Jack by the banner of St. Andrew. The blue field or ground of St. Andrew's banner it was determined still to retain as before,—an arrangement which would render necessary the introduction of narrow strips of white ("fimbriations"), that might intervene between one side of each red diagonal and the blue field of the flag. The new Union-Jack—no one ever thought of calling it a Union-George—in this, the first stage of its deve-

lopment, is shown in (77). The flag was completed, as in the former instance, by placing over the combined saltires the cross of St. George, with its white edging, or "fimbriation" (76). In constructing the Union-Jack, it is to be observed, that all the

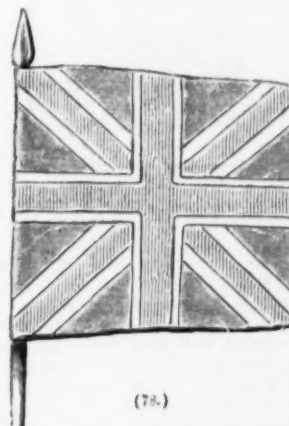


(77.)

white edgings, or "fimbriations," should be very narrow, that the alternate white and red limbs of the compound diagonal cross should be of equal width, and that the upright red cross should have its width so adjusted as to be in harmonious proportion with the other members of the composition. When displayed, this flag is always to be hoisted having the diagonal broad white uppermost next to the staff, or line of suspension, as in (76).

The new design must be admitted to be by no means happy in the manner in which it deals with the Scottish and Irish saltires. As is clearly apparent from (77), they both lose their integrity and completeness as crosses. And in the Union flag itself (76), in which the intersection of the diagonal lines is covered and concealed by the cross of St. George, the difference in the width of the white on the two sides of the diagonal red members of the composition, produces an effect which is at once singular and perplexing. This effect may be, in a great degree, obviated by making the white fimbriations as narrow as possible.

It seems to me more than a little strange, when once the principle of forming an engrafted banner was determined on, that the simple expedient of successively placing one cross upon another should not have been adopted; and more especially so, on the occasion of the second change, seeing that, in reality, this is what had been actually done in the composition of the first Union banner of King James.



(78.)

Such an arrangement is shown in (78), where the three crosses are really present. The white saltire of St. Andrew there rests upon its proper ground of blue, and, at the same time, it represents the white field of the red saltire of St. Patrick. This mode of engrafting the two saltires is clearly apparent from (79). Placed over all, and having a border of white to represent its own white field, the red cross of St. George would stand well to the front of this illustrious fraternity (78). The expression "fraternity," as applied to the component elements of

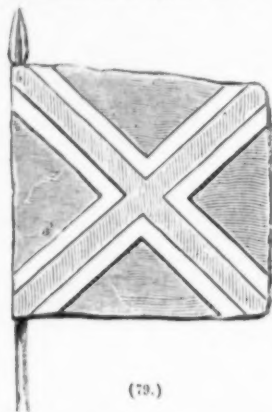
our national banner, involuntarily brings to remembrance the fine Italian adage—

"Tre Fratelli,
Tre Castelli;"

which we may render—

We Brothers three,
Three Castles be:

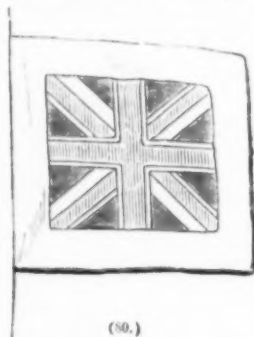
for, certainly, the three crosses of the three realms of the United Kingdom are symbols of three castles of strength—each one grand and mighty in itself—the three sublime in the fixed stability of their consolidated power. Such a flag as I have just suggested, would seem to have been preferable to the one which was actually designed and adopted, from the circumstance of its being so simple in its combination, that each cross appears in it clearly and



(79.)

distinctly; and also because a description of it, whether in heraldic or in ordinary language, would be both easily intelligible and indisputably correct. It is impossible, however, to add, that I desire to see even this change introduced into our Union-Jack, trifling as such a change would be, while it would be productive of such decided improvement in the aspect of the flag itself. The associations of the old flag are too glorious, and their influence by far too strong, to admit any modifications whatever in its blazonry.

The Union-Jack, when carried by merchant-vessels or packets, is distinguished from the same flag on board vessels of the royal navy by being surrounded by a broad border of white, as in (80).



(80.)

I may here repeat that the UNION-JACK—the "National Flag of England" *par excellence*—as it has "braved the battle and the breeze" since January 1st, 1801, is represented in (76); before that day, and ranging back from thence till April 6th, 1606, the "Union-Jack" was such as appears in (71); and then again, still earlier in the "thousand years" of its free and triumphant display, "the meteor flag of England" was the red cross banner of St. George (69).

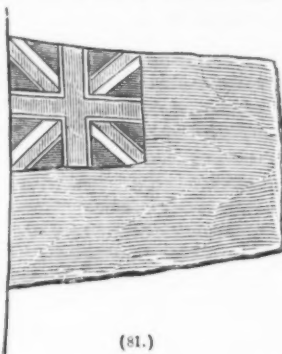
PART XI.—ENSIGNS.

I have not been able to discover any proclamation, or other authoritative document, to which may be ascribed the introduction and use of another class of our national flags—ships' ENSIGNS. These flags may be considered to have been derived from the habitual use of both banners and standards at sea, at early periods in English maritime history; and it is highly probable that they may have gra-

dually assumed their distinctive character concurrently with the disuse of miscellaneous heraldic insignia. The term "Ensign" is the title given to the large flag which, when they hoist any colours, English ships carry displayed at the stern of the vessel. The ensign is the principal flag of the ship, unless, indeed, special circumstances should demand the display of the royal banner. In all ships of war, the ensign both declares the vessel to be one of the wooden walls of old England, and also specifies with what division or squadron of the British fleet each individual ship for the time being is associated.

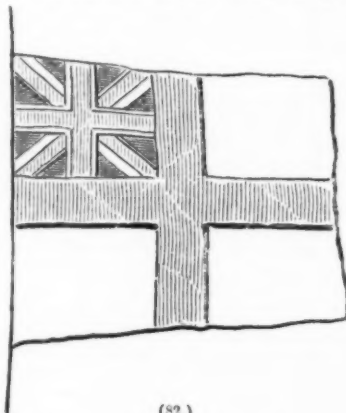
These squadrons of our fleet are three in number, and they are severally distinguished by the colours of the flags borne by the three divisions of our admirals, Red, White, and Blue. There are three grades or ranks also of our admirals in each division,—those of *Admiral*, *Vice-Admiral*, and *Rear-Admiral*. The rank of our admirals, accordingly, is thus distinguished (and I name them in their order of precedence), Admirals of the Red, the White, the Blue; Vice-Admirals of the Red, the White, the Blue; and Rear-Admirals of the Red, the White, and the Blue. There are seven admirals, nine vice-admirals, and seventeen rear-admirals in each squadron—in all ninety-nine. All admirals are entitled "Flag Officers;" and the senior Admiral of the Red is styled "Admiral of the Fleet."

Every admiral has his own flag, which is displayed from the mast-head of his ship,—the flag of an admiral from the *main* (or central) mast; the flag of a vice-admiral from the *fore-mast*; and that of a rear-admiral from the *mizzen* (or sternmost) mast. The flags of admirals, vice and rear-admirals of the red, are plain red flags; those of the three ranks of admirals of the blue, are plain blue flags; but the admirals, vice and rear-admirals



(81.)

of the white severally carry, at the main, the fore, and the mizzen, a white flag with a red cross (69)—the ancient banner of St. George, in its original purity and nobleness. The ensigns carried by ships under the orders of admirals of the red, white, and blue, are distinguished as the *Red Ensign*, the *White Ensign*, and the *Blue Ensign*. These ensigns are

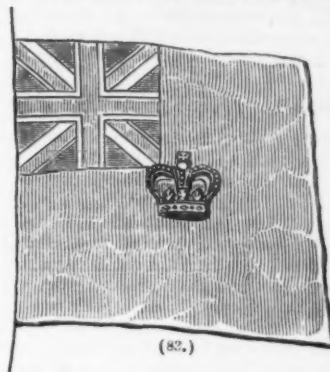


(82.)

large flags, the "red" and the "blue" being plain red and blue flags, and each of them having a Union-Jack inserted in the uppermost quarter towards the staff or point of suspension (81). The "white ensign," which is also called the *St. George's ensign*, is the banner of St. George, having its uppermost

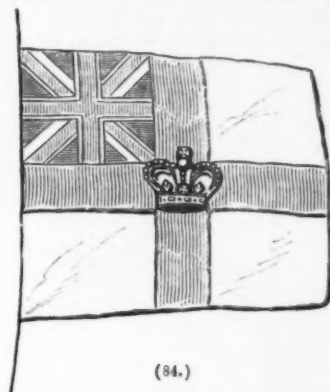
quarter towards the staff occupied by a Union-Jack (82). I may here repeat that, when used alone, the old banner of St. George is now denominated the *St. George's jack*.

The red ensign, besides its use by ships of war, under the orders of admirals of the red, is carried by all English ships of every class, whatsoever be the



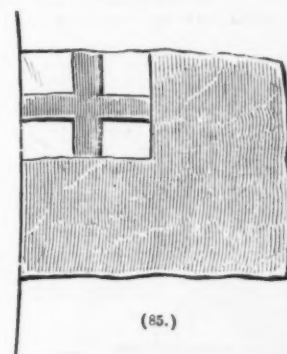
(83.)

nature of their service or employment, as the English ensign. The figure of a crown is occasionally placed upon the red ensign (83), and the white ensign (84), when those flags are used in the royal service. The white and the blue ensigns are carried, by special permission, by the vessels of our yacht squadrons, as well as by ships of war under the orders of admirals of the white and blue. The white,



(84.)

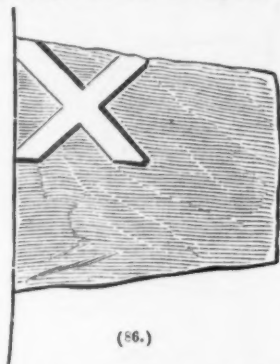
or St. George's ensign (82),—perhaps the most beautiful flag in the world,—is also in general use on shore, on occasions of rejoicing and festivity; it floats from our church towers and other public places, and it shares with the Union-Jack the favour of every patriotic Englishman, who delights to set up a flag-staff of his own.



(85.)

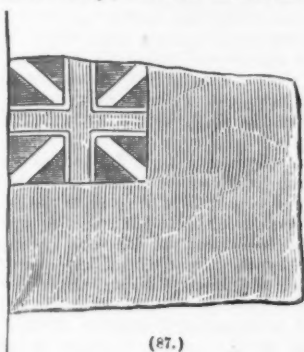
Regular ensigns (which, in their primary use, may be regarded as a species of standard adapted to nautical purposes) have been displayed in the English navy for upwards of two hundred years. In the middle of the seventeenth century, Vandevelde's naval pictures give numerous examples of ensigns, as distinguished from either the royal or the national banners. The peculiarity of these early ensigns is that, in place of the Union-Jack, as it is now inserted, they have in their uppermost quarter towards the staff, the old banner of St. George, as is shown in (85), drawn from a Vandevelde at Hampton Court. In another

of the Hampton pictures a ship appears, carrying a similar red ensign at her stern, the first Union-Jack at her peak and main, and smaller red ensigns of the same description at her mizzen and foremast beads. A ship, undoubtedly of Scotland, is represented in another of these pictures, having a large blue ensign with the white saltire of St. Andrew, instead of the customary red cross of St. George; and she also carries similar flags of smaller dimensions at each of her mast-heads, and on her bowsprit. Possibly this Scottish blue ensign (86) may declare the origin of the three ensigns of the United



(86.)

Kingdom, and, with their origin, that of the three squadrons of the British fleet—the blue, derived from the blue field of the banner of St. Andrew; as the white and the red would be from the white field and the red crosses of St. George and St. Patrick. The red ensign may also have had its colour determined by the red field of the royal banner, which bears the three golden lions of England. Nearly all the ships in the highly interesting pictures to which I have referred, carry, in addition to their other flags, the first Union-Jack upon a small staff rising from the extremity of the bowsprit. This usage still obtains in our navy; our own Union-Jack still is



(87.)

displayed, from her bowsprit-end, by every British man-of-war. Thus does the flag of England flash above the waters, wherever they yield a passage to our ships, "as they sweep through the deep" that encircles their island home.



(88.)

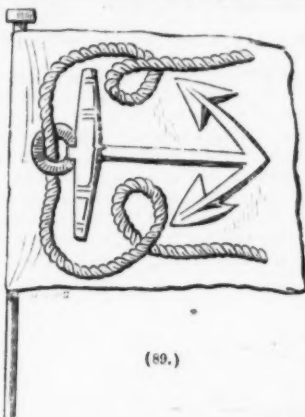
In the picture, also at Hampton Court, which represents the embarkation of William III. from Holland, in 1688, the ensigns carried by the English ships are either plain red, or red with the St. George (85), or red with the first Union-Jack (87).

This is the earliest instance of which I am aware of the Union flag being substituted for the St. George in an ensign. Other ships in this picture carry a tricolour ensign, having the blue, white, and red arranged horizontally. In a picture of sixty years later date, representing the attack upon St. Domingo by Sir C. Knowles, A.D. 1748, a white ensign appears, and is displayed by a ship which carries at her main the simple banner of St. George, and at her fore a plain red flag. This first white ensign is a plain white flag, having the St. George inserted, as in (88). The white or St. George's ensign, adjusted as now in use, does not appear until a later period.

As the eighteenth century advanced, the Union-Jack in its first form (71 and 87) was inserted into all the ensigns, in place of the simple St. George; and, as a matter of course, in the present century, the second Union-Jack, as we now use it, was substituted in the national ensigns for its predecessor (76, 81, and 82).

PART XII.—MISCELLANEOUS FLAGS.

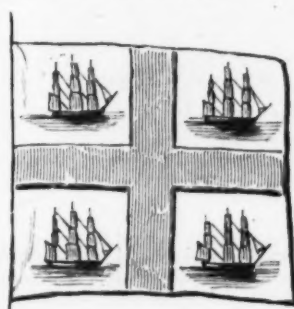
There yet remain to be noticed several flags of great interest, which would not admit of being associated with any of the groups that have already been taken into consideration. Foremost amongst these is the flag of the ADMIRALTY—the ensign of that department of the British Government, in which is vested the supreme administrative authority in matters connected with the royal navy. This characteristic and expressive ensign is red, and bears an anchor and cable of a yellow colour, the anchor being set horizontally upon the field (89).



(89.)

It is displayed over the "Admiralty" offices in London, and at the mast-head of any vessel on board which a "Lord of the Admiralty" may have embarked.

A second equally beautiful and appropriate flag is that of the corporation of the TRINITY HOUSE, under whose care and authority are placed all the light-houses and light-vessels which stud our coasts, and send sometimes a welcome, sometimes a warning, ray afar upon the waters. It is the ancient banner of St. George, having in each quarter a small figure of a ship in red (90).

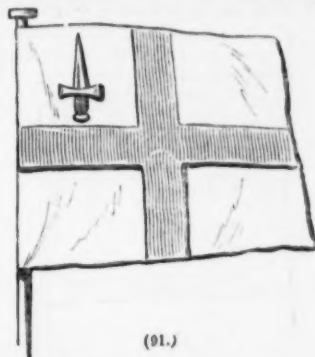


(90.)

Another modification of the banner of St. George is the worshipful standard of the CITY OF LONDON (91). It bears a drawn sword, set erect in the first quarter—in memory of the loyal Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who is said to have struck

down with his sword the rebel, Wat Tyler, A.D. 1381. Like the ships of the Trinity House, the sword in the civic banner is tinctured red.

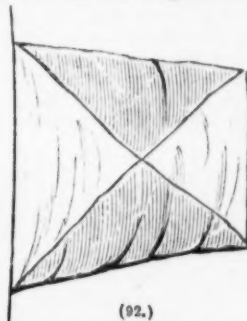
Various other public bodies, including the still existing representatives of our ancient civic and



(91.)

commercial Guilds, have each their own peculiar and appropriate banner. Such is the case also with certain high official personages. These flags are of an heraldic character, and many of them are both interesting and curious in the highest degree. It is not consistent, however, with my present purpose to do more than thus indicate their existence.

Another class of flags, which hold no mean rank amongst the ensigns of England, are those that belong to our great ship owners, and to the companies of proprietors of our noble ocean steamers. These ensigns, entitled "House-flags," declare to what enterprising establishment each of the ships of the splendid mercantile marine of England may be attached. I give, as a specimen of these most interesting flags, the ensign of the "Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company," which waves at the mast-heads of their magnificent fleet. It is



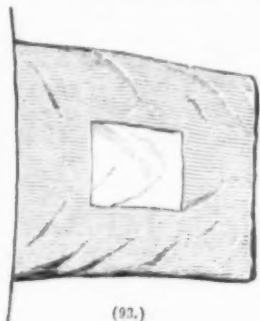
(92.)

quartered diagonally (92), the colours being yellow, red, white, and blue.

Not in the slightest degree inferior in interest to the mercantile "house-flags" are the ensigns and pendants carried by the vessels of the various brilliant yacht clubs, that encircle the coasts of old England, and often cruise far away over distant waters. The yacht ensigns are either the red, white, or blue ensigns of England, in almost every instance distinguished—"differenced," the heralds would say—by some peculiar and appropriate device. The use of these flags is a special privilege, conceded graciously by the Sovereign. The "Royal Yacht Club" is privileged to use the white, or St. George ensign (82), without any difference or distinction; and with it the vessels of this club display a white swallow-tailed pendant, also bearing the red cross of St. George, the cross itself being charged with a royal crown. As another example, I may specify the ensign of the "Royal Thames Yacht Club," which is the blue ensign (81), charged with a crown, as in (83): the pendant is swallow-tailed, blue in colour, and is charged with a white cross.

Then there is the numerous family of "Signal-flags," with which the important work of telegraphing is so efficiently carried on at sea. With these eminently useful flags the name of Captain Maryatt will always be associated, as a memorial of the valuable code of signals which were produced and brought into use by him. A single individual of this class of flags it will be sufficient for me here to specify and to describe. This is "Blue Peter"

(93), a blue flag having a square of white in its centre—the well-known signal for sailing,—that signal which to so many an aching heart has proclaimed the dreaded hour of parting actually to have come; while to others it has been as a beacon to light them on to new lands of promise; or,

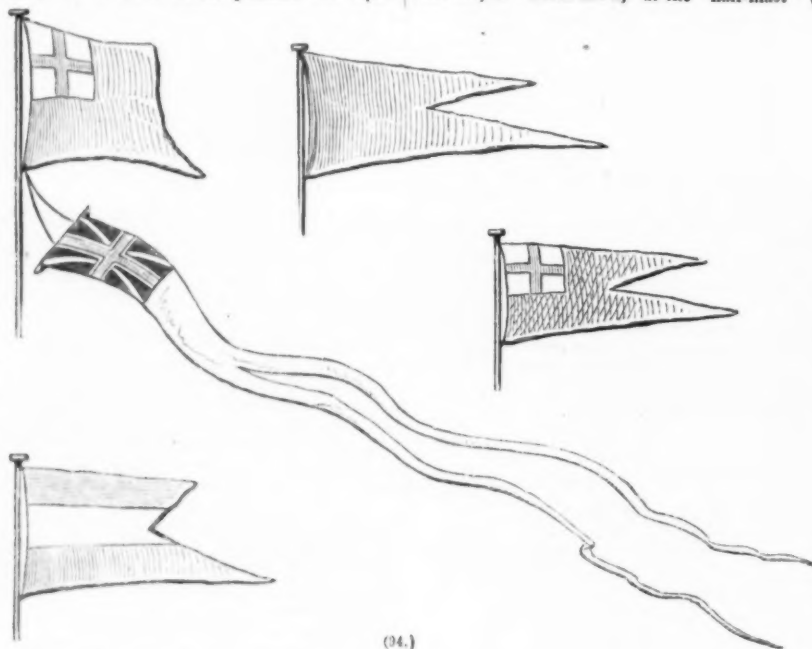


when blowing out from the mast-head of the "homeward-bound," it has assumed the character of the very emblem of joyous hopefulness.

The "Flag of Truce," the symbol of friendly purposes, or of a temporary cessation of hostilities during the time of war, is plain white. This pure and peaceful banner is held to be sacred and inviolate, and its presence is treated with the utmost respect by all civilized nations.

PART XIII.—PENDANTS.

In addition to FLAGS, properly so called, various long and narrow STREAMERS, or PENDANTS, were displayed from the masts of English ships in early times, and also from the stern and bows of the vessels themselves. Sometimes these pendants bore armorial insignia, in which case they may be considered to have been narrow and long standards. Other examples appear with the red cross of St. George at their head—also after the fashion of the standards of the period. Four pendants of this kind are displayed from a representation of the *Great Harry*, the first ship of war possessed by Henry VIII. Other Tudor pendants are repre-



sent, having the red cross extended along their whole length: thus, in Holbein's 'Embarkation of Henry VIII.' (to which reference has already been made), the ships carry enormous pendants, and they are all white, with the cross of St. George displayed upon them from end to end. The pictures of Van der Velde also abound in examples of the much admired pendants of his day; and such, in like manner, is the case with all representations of our early shipping. The picture of the 'Embarkation of William III., A.D. 1688,' has a remarkable

example of a long swallow-tailed pendant, with the first Union-Jack at its head, which is carried beneath a red ensign of the earliest class at the mast-head. I have annexed a sketch of both the ensign and pendant in (94); and in the same group (94) I have introduced three varieties of swallow-tailed "Broad Pendants," of which the picture furnishes many excellent examples. One of these is plain red, a second resembles the red ensign shown in the same group, and the third has the colours blue, white, and red, arranged horizontally.

The "Broad Pendant" at the present day is the distinguishing emblem of a "commodore" of the royal navy—an officer who is discharging the duties of an admiral, though he has not actually attained to an admiral's rank. The commodore carries his swallow-tailed broad pendant at the mast-head. This pendant may be compared with the pennon of the mediæval knights, as the "flag" of an admiral, which denotes his superior rank, would seem to have been derived from the square banner of earlier times.

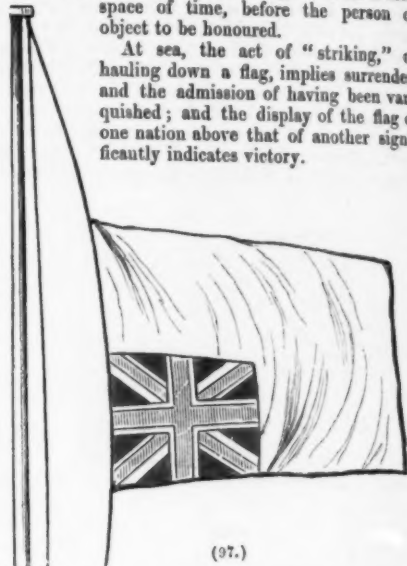
The streamer-like pendant now in use is very narrow and long—sometimes very long; it appertains exclusively to the royal navy, and denotes the authority of officers in command of her Majesty's ships, such officers being of lower rank than admirals. These pendants are carried at the mainmast-head. Like ensigns and admirals' "flags," they are either red, white, or blue; but they all have the red cross of St. George at the head, and, as a matter of course, the colour of a ship's pendant is determined by the squadron (red, white, or blue) to which the admiral belongs, under whose general orders she may for the time being be placed.

PART XIV.—THE DISPLAY OF FLAGS.

All flags are hoisted up close to the head of the mast, spar, or ensign-staff, from which they are displayed; *except upon occasions of sorrow or distress*, when flags are always hoisted "half-mast high"—that is, they then are displayed in such a manner that the mast or staff rises above the flag. Also, whenever it may, unhappily, be necessary to intimate by means of an English flag that distress and danger are imminent and in extremity, an ensign is hoisted *reversed*, or "union down," at the "half-mast" (as

for a single instant at the half-mast. Flags carried by the hand perform the same duty, by being "lowered," or bent down to the ground for a brief space of time, before the person or object to be honoured.

At sea, the act of "striking," or hauling down a flag, implies surrender, and the admission of having been vanquished; and the display of the flag of one nation above that of another significantly indicates victory.



Ships display their ensigns at the stern of the vessel, either from a flag-staff fixed there for that purpose, or from the "peak" or extremity of the spar that supports the principal sail of the mizzen-mast. The Royal Standard, admirals' flags, pendants, official flags, house-flags, and signals, are displayed from the mast-heads; ships of war, however, hoist a Union-Jack forward, upon a staff that rises from the bowsprit. Upon occasions of rejoicing, ships are "dressed" in all their flags, which are then displayed in long continuous lines, stretching from mast-head to mast-head, and thence down to the extremities of the lower spars fore and aft. Flags hoisted at the mast-head are sent aloft through the rigging rolled up in a ball; when displayed, they are said to be "broken," and the act of displaying them, by hauling on one of the hoisting-ropes, or "ensign-haulyards," which had been tied in slip-knot around the ball, is entitled "breaking" the flags.

At the present day, when flags are so commonly in use upon festive occasions on shore, it is important that attention should be directed to the fact, that flags require to be hoisted in a proper manner, as well as to be correctly made. This observation is enforced by the almost inconceivable carelessness which has characterized recent public displays of flags in the metropolis. Whether the ensigns of England, of France, of Prussia, or of Sardinia were most in favour, the flags appeared hoisted after almost every possible variety of plan, and with a disregard of propriety and correctness that might actually have been suspected of having been deliberate, had it not been clearly evident that the enthusiastic flag-hoisters had not the slightest notion of there being both a right way of hoisting flags, and also a wrong one. It was the same with the royal standard and the civic banner—the lions and the harp must have been sorely perplexed at the positions in which they found themselves, if they ever give way to such a weakness as perplexity; while, over Temple Bar itself, the time-honoured sword of the city, on one flag-displaying day in 1858, pointed horizontally from the flag-staff in the second quarter of the banner, in place of being boldly erect in its proper position in the first quarter (91).

It is to be hoped that in future the good rule will prevail, which will provide that the right flags may be carefully displayed in the right manner. Flags, it should be remembered, are heraldic ensigns, and heraldry always speaks with peculiar clearness and accuracy. Flags, therefore, should invariably be made to convey their heraldic significations in conformity with the rules and usages of heraldry. In fact, when rightly displayed, they speak the language of heraldry in the most emphatic manner; and, on the other hand, they become the symbols of confusion when their display is the result of ignorance or caprice.

in 97); or, if an ensign could not be obtained, the union-jack itself would be displayed *reversed* in a similar position, in which case the flag would show the diagonal red saltire above the diagonal white one, instead of the white being above the red.

Flags are sometimes employed to convey an expression of honour, respect, or admiration. This is effected by suddenly hauling down a flag from a mast-head, and again replacing it in its former position. It will be observed that this "dipping," as it is entitled, does not permit the flag to remain

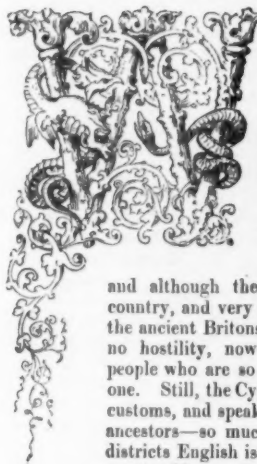
THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART IV.



We are now in South Wales, for we have passed over the railway-bridge that crosses the Rhymney, quitted Monmouthshire, and entered Glamorganshire.* Wales has been so long a "part" of England, ruled by the same sovereign, and governed by the same laws, that all important distinctions between the two have gradually given way;

and although the Welsh are proud of their country, and very proud of their descent from the ancient Britons, there is little jealousy, and no hostility, now-a-days, to divide the two people who are so essentially and emphatically one. Still, the Cymry retain many of their old customs, and speak the language of their far-off ancestors—so much so, indeed, that in many districts English is not understood, and even in courts of law very often the jury, as well as the

witness, use no other than the native tongue. In the costume there is not much to strike the stranger as peculiar. The hat, the shape of which varies in different counties, is still somewhat generally worn by women; it is costly, a good "heaver" being of the value of twenty shillings—and even a farmer's wife of small means will not be content with inferior head-gear. The short semi-coats of coloured flannel, pinned under the bosom, which is covered by the folds of a kerchief, are made at home, and are encountered in all market-places, where "the best" is donned,—and it is always a pretty and cheerful sight to see the women, old and young, in such assemblages, with neat white baskets, vending the produce of the garden or farm. The hats are broad-brimmed, high, and mostly peaked in the crown; their use does not, however, date farther back than the reign of Elizabeth. Of late they have been much displaced by a small closely fitting bonnet-cap, not unlike a jockey's cap. The red linsey petticoat, usually both made and dyed at home, is still common; it is generally worn very short, and displays the shoe tied with ribbon, or the wooden-soled "clogs." The women are always neatly attired, and rags are never by any chance seen either in byway or highway. They are for the most part pretty without being handsome, and are essentially feminine in features, form, and manners.

The Welsh language is usually considered guttural; and so it is—with its superabundance of consonants—to the eye; but to the eye only, for to the ear it is harmonious: and as the voices of Welsh women are generally "sweet and low," the sound of the strange tongue is very pleasant among the hills or in the valleys, where it is often a delicious harmony. Even a casual acquaintance with the "Cymraeg" is sufficient to show that it is far from being inharmonious, and that in wealth of words and power of expression it is unsurpassed amongst living languages. Indeed, so copious, flexible, and energetic is it, that according to excellent authority, "whatever is translated into it gains in strength, power, and conciseness of expression." From a belief that it tends to retard the social and intellectual advancement of the people, active measures have at various times been taken

* In this wise came the county of Glamorgan (Gwlad Morgan) into the hands of the Normans. It was when William Rufus reigned in England, and Rhys-ap-Tewdwr was Prince of South Wales. The prince sought to corrupt the wife of Jestyn, Lord of Glamorgan; a furious war was the result, in which Jestyn was worsted; so he applied, through "Einion-ap-Cadlfor-ap-Collwyn, Lord of Dyfed," for aid of the Normans, promising Einion his daughter, Gwladys, or Nest, in marriage. Einion prevailed on the Norman knight Fitzhamon to associate with him twelve of his brothers in arms, and march to the help of the beaten Lord of Glamorgan. They encountered Rhys "at a place still called Penrhys," and there took and beheaded him. Jestyn kept his word with the Normans, but treated Einion with contempt, refusing to fulfil the promise of his fair daughter Nest. Einion, resenting this ingratitude, ran post haste after Fitzhamon, and reached the sea-shore—"some say near Penarth"—in time to arrest the sailing of the ships in which they had actually embarked. Waving his mantle as a signal, they returned, and, tempted by the representations of the indignant Einion, proceeded to dispossess the Lord of Glamorgan of his castles and lands. This was easily done. Fitzhamon took and divided the lands of the expelled prince, keeping Cardiff for himself, and bestowing castles and manors by dozens on his fellow-knights: giving, however, reasonable shares to the three sons of Jestyn, and to Einion, besides the fair prize he had fought for, the lordships of "Miskin, Glyn, Penttyrch, and Trewern."

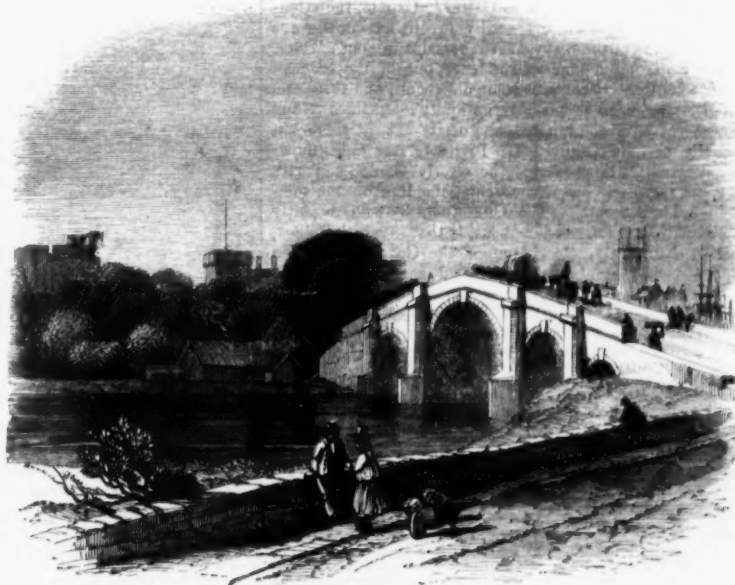
to extinguish or suppress it, but all such attempts have been unavailing. And its enduring prevalence will occasion no surprise when we discover the affectionate pride with which it is regarded by the Welshman, who, it is admitted by unprejudiced judges,* "possesses a mastery over his own language far beyond that which the Englishman of the same degree has over his," whilst "readiness and propriety of expression, to an extent more than merely colloquial, is certainly a feature in the intellectual character of the Welsh."

The excursionist into Wales will find that some knowledge of its language, ever so slight, were it only sufficient to enable him correctly to pronounce the names of places, will be of avail to him in his endeavour to become personally acquainted with the peasantry and their social habits. To the English eye the language does certainly appear to be formidable, but



CARDIFF.

such will be found not to be the case. Of the Welsh alphabet the letters that seem to be difficult of pronunciation, are in reality not so. The *dd*, which presents itself so frequently, is soft, as *th* in "thou;" *f* is like the English *r*; *h* has the same power as in the English "hand;" *ng* as *ng* in "long;" *c*, *g*, and *th* are hard, as in the English words "cat," "dog," "thin." The remaining letters have the same power as they have in English, with the exception of *tuo*, which offer a slight difficulty in their pronunciation by an English tongue. These are the guttural *ch* and the aspirate *ll*. The names of two stations on the South Wales Railway illustrate the sound (*Lougher* or *Locher*, and *Llanelly*), and it is amusing to listen to the remarks and the humorous manner with which the peasants hear the guards murder the "Queen's Welsh." There are no sounds in our language equivalent to these of *ch* and *ll*, but most of our readers



CARDIFF BRIDGE.

will be able to enounce them when they are informed that the former has the same sound as the *ch* in the Scotch "loch" (a word with which all are familiar), and that the latter expresses the sound of the Italian *gl* or the aspirated *ll* of the Spanish.

Having mastered these letters—a work of little labour—there will be no difficulty in learning to read Welsh, which is incomparably easier than English or French, from the fact that in Welsh no letter in a word is mute, and the accent, with insignificant exceptions, is always uniformly placed on the penultimate.

Those who are of opinion that Welsh is hard or dissonant, would do well to hear any Welsh preacher of note in his native tongue—hear him display the rich resources of his

* Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales.

poetic language, and pour out his harmonious sentences in solemn and sonorous tones, and they will see cause to alter their opinion, and understand why it is he excites the enthusiasm of his hearers, and learn at the same time that it is possible to awaken powerful emotions even in those who are utter strangers to the language of the speaker.*

Cardiff is "the county town" of Glamorganshire, very inconveniently situated, for it is close to the extreme border of the shire, and distant nearly forty miles from its western boundary. It stands at the mouth of the river Taff,† and nearly at the entrance of a delicious valley, a distant view of the opening to which is obtained from the railroad—to the right—high wooded hills on either side looking down upon the river. Cardiff, from its peculiarly advantageous position, as the nearest outlet to the sea from the great iron and coal district of South Wales, ranks among the busiest and most prosperous towns of the kingdom. Its commercial advance, however, is but of recent date: in 1826, its exports were, of coal 40,718 tons, and of iron 64,303 tons; twenty years afterwards they had increased to—coal 626,443 tons, and iron 222,491 tons.

Its busy, large, and admirably-constructed docks and quays rival in extent and power those of Liverpool and London; its people prosper, its population has largely increased, and its railways are night and day thronged with huge waggons, bearing to the quays the dark produce of the hills, contrasting strangely with a time not far off, when coals were brought thither in bags on horses, mules, or asses, a boy or woman driving two or three of them into the port.

Anciently "it was known by the name of Rhathslabius;" and when the Romans invaded Britain, Aulus Didius, one of the generals, stationed a garrison there to curb "the fierce Silures;" it was then called *Caer-didi*; since *Caer-daf*, "*culgo* *Caerdydd*, or Cardiff;" the name, however, is expressive of its original state, and the situation of the town—i. e. "a fortress on the Taff." "The town was built (probably the walls were raised), in 1080, by Jestyn-ap-Gwrgan"—that prince whom the Norman knight Fitzhamon dispossessed. It is now the property of the Marquis of Bute, into whose family it came by marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Herberts, ancient lords of Glamorgan.

A graceful BRIDGE, pictured in our engraving, leads to the town. The artist has also conveyed an idea of the picturesque character of the QUAYS and BUILDINGS, which border the banks of the lower Taff. These are seen to great advantage from any of the neighbouring heights.‡

Although the old and venerable Church of St. John—famous "for the loftiness of its proportions, and the elegance of its pierced battlements and airy pinnacles" §—is a very stately and beautiful structure, it is to CARDIFF CASTLE the attention of the tourist will be specially directed, as among the most interesting of the many ancient remains in South Wales.

"The castle" is a modern residence, one of the seats of the Bute family. It contains some old rooms, and there are, we understand, many proofs of its antiquity; but the dwelling has been sadly metamorphosed, and of its ancient character, externally, there is nothing left. In the terrace walks, however, the old battlements may be clearly traced, and THE KEEP is a singularly picturesque ruin, standing on the summit of a huge mound. The CURTHOSE TOWER, recently restored with much sound judgment, is that in which Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, was a prisoner during twenty-six years; and here he died, A.D. 1144, being interred in the Cathedral of Gloucester. He was

said to have been "blinded by order of his cruel brother Henry;" the statement is, however, contradicted by our best historians; and William of Malmesbury asserts, that his imprisonment was made as easy as possible; that he was supplied with an elegant table, and had buffoons to divert him,—pleasures he preferred to the duties of sovereign power. Probably he had the range of the whole castle.*

In the Castle of Cardiff, in the terrible year 1555, a still more illustrious prisoner was



THE CURTHOSE TOWER.

confined. Rawlins White was a poor fisherman; his child had been taught to read the Scriptures in the English tongue; the father learned from the child, and instructed others in the truths of the Gospel: for this he was burned at a stake in the market-place. The story of his devoted zeal is very touching, as "reported" by one of his friends, who, though reproved by



THE KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

the priests, took the doomed man by the hand, and kept it until "the fire arose, and forced them asunder."† He was confined in the prison "called Cockmarel—a very dark, loathsome,

* Old writers give this legend:—"During his imprisonment, it happened that Henry his brother, and then king, had brought him, upon a feast day, in the morning, a scarlet garment to put on, with a cape for the head, as the manor then was, which, as he essayed, he found it to straighten in the cape, insomuch that he brake a stitche or twee in the seame, and, casting it aside, he had his gentleman give it to his brother Robert, for his head (quoth he) is less than myne. The garment was brought him, and when he saw it a little torn, he demanded how it happened that it was not sowed; the gentleman told the trouble, which, as he understode, he fell into a great melancholy, sayinge, 'And dothe my brother make me his bedeman, in that he sendeth me his cast clothes? Then have I lyved too longe;' and, refusing all sustenance, he died."

† It was at Cardiff, according to an ancient Welsh chronicle, this incident occurred. Sir Fouk Fitzwarren was speaking of toils encountered and hardships endured when warring with the Saracens, and his knights murmured, and each one said he could have done as much as their chief had done. "But," said Sir Fouk, "these were nothing to one feat I accomplished." "What was that?" quoth they all. "I jumped," answered the knight, "from the ground to the top of yonder tower of my castle, which ye know to be the tallest tower in these parts." So they laughed scornfully, and gainsayed his words. "If," said the knight, "you will dine with me at noonday to-morrow, I will do it once again." So every one of the knights came to the feast; and when they had well eaten and drunken, "Now come," said Sir Fouk, "with me, and you shall see me jump from the ground to the top of the castle tower." They proceeded to the foot of the stairs, and Sir Fouk jumped to the top of the first step, then on to another, and so on, until he jumped upon the topmost step. "Oh!" said the knights, "we could do that ourselves." "So you could," quoth Sir Fouk, "now I have taught you the way to do it."

* "Though there are supposed to be two thousand books in the Welsh language, there are none of immoral tendencies, none that propagate principles of infidelity."—ARCHDEACON COKE.

† The river Taff rises on the western side of the Brecknockshire Van; its birthplace is a dreary sheep-walk—a tract of boggy, unsightly land, pursuing a monotonous course until it reaches Merthyr Tydvil, entering the mineral "coal-basin" of South Wales, and passing through veins of iron ore which are the true sources of the wealth and power of Great Britain. Merthyr (Martyr) Tydvil is so named from a female saint who was murdered by a party of "Saxons and Irish Picts" in the fifth century. In Leland's time, Merthyr was merely a parish through which "Morlay's river" went into the river of Tawe. It was of little note until the middle of the last century, when riches underground were explored and made available. It is now a populous town, whence issues a large proportion of the iron that supplies the world. A visit to the iron-works here may give profitable employment for a day. On its course downwards, the river passes under the famous bridge Pont-y-Pridi. Well may the historian of the Welsh rivers, John George Wood, writing in 1813, "rejoice exceedingly" over this fine effort of human skill: "composed of a single arch of 140 feet span, it has more the appearance of having been wafted across the turbulent torrent by supernatural agency, than produced by the labour of man—such is the extreme lightness and elegance of its form." This bridge we shall picture and examine presently.

‡ For the greater portion of the drawings that picture Cardiff, Neath, and the neighbourhood of Swansea, we are indebted to J. D. Harding, Esq. They were placed on the wood by Mr. Robert Hulme, and engraved by Mr. Mason Jackson.

§ The church has a high tower of peculiar beauty, the parapet of which is richly carved, and crowned with four light gothic pinnacles. It is a bold effort of masonry, for one of the abutments is supported on a very small arch, beyond the centre of which it projects considerably.

and most vile prison," previous to undergoing his sentence. On the fatal day "then went he cheerfully and joyfully, and set his back close unto the stake. As he was thus standing, a smith came with a great chain of iron, whom when he saw he cast up his hands with a loud voice, and gave God great thanks. Then the smith cast a chain about him, and as he was making it fast on the other side, Rawlins said unto him, 'I pray you, good friend, knock in the chain fast, for it may be that the flesh would strive mightily; but God, of thy great mercy, give me strength to abide the extremity.' Now when the smith had made him sure to the stake, the officers began to lay on more wood, with a little straw and reed, wherein the good old man was no less occupied than the rest, for, as far as he could reach with his hands, he would pluck the straw and reed, and lay it about him in places most convenient for his speedy dispatch, which thing he did with such a cheerful countenance and familiar gesture, that all men there present were in a manner astonished."

About two miles from Cardiff is the ancient and venerable "city" of Llandaff, and a pretty and pleasant walk it is from the town to the city. "Though an episcopal See, it is a most pitiful place"—a poor and uninteresting village, with few remains to indicate its former greatness.* The Old Cross has been repaired, and the Cathedral is in process of restoration, under the direction of accomplished architects, Messrs. Prichard and Seddon, who are aided by the skill of an admirable carver in wood and stone, Mr. Edward Clarke. Time and strife had sadly ill-used this venerable structure; a few years ago, it was in a state absolutely ruinous; happily, however, the estimable Bishop of the See, the Dean, and other authorities, have set themselves to the task of its renovation, and, ere long, Llandaff Cathedral will rank among the most beautiful sacred edifices of the kingdom. Browne Willis represented it, in 1715, as "in a most deplorable state of decay, the storm of 1703 having completed its destruction." In the middle of the last century a sum of £7000 was contributed towards its restoration; but that sum was expended, "under the agency of one Wood," in so debasing the old building as to render it "absolutely hideous," doing to it more serious injury than had been accomplished by tempest and by time. Happily, "one Wood" has been succeeded by architects of a very different order: "the love of Art, the love of country, and the love of Christ, require that Llandaff Cathedral should exist again, whole, perfect, and beautiful." We repeat with reverence the sentiments of one of the many zealous and good advocates for the restoration of this hallowed and time-honoured structure, and rejoice to know that ere long their hopes and efforts will bear glorious fruitage.

"Llandaff," according to its zealous and intelligent historian, Mr. Freeman, "is usually regarded as the most ancient episcopal See in Great Britain." In the dawn of Christianity, there was here "an edifice of very humble pretensions." Bishop Urban, the original founder of the present structure, "found there a small British church, A.D. 1120." According to another authority, "the annals of our church present us with little more than an uninteresting list of twenty-one prelates, successors to Dubritius, before the Norman conquest of the district."†

The church was built chiefly by "the liberality of men," in consequence of the Archbishop of Canterbury "releasing the fourth of all penance inflicted," as a set off against their contributions. Owen Glendower destroyed the episcopal mansion, and also burned and demolished the castle; in all likelihood neither of them was repaired or rebuilt; for, in 1600, Matherne, now also a ruin, was "the only house left to the bishop to put his head in."

Of the Episcopal Palace the remains are interesting. The

artist has pictured the castellated gateway—"a fine object, which comes well into the grouping from several points, but has no particular reference to the cathedral." The ruins have nothing distinctly episcopal about them, "they might as well have been the stronghold of any Norman robber, the lair of the wolf of the flock, rather than the dwelling of its shepherd." The



CROSS AT LLANDAFF.

gardens are kept up with much care, and charming views are obtained from the summit of the gateway and from the towers that terminate the ramparts.

But Cardiff and Llandaff—however interesting as remains of old time, or for the prosperity that rewards labour and enterprise—have additional interest for the tourist as entrances to



RUINS OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, LLANDAFF.

the beautiful Valley of the Taff. Our excursion must be limited: we purpose a journey of but twelve miles—from Cardiff to Newbridge. A railway takes us there, and will, if we please,

to celebrate that classic ground, and the 20,000 saints buried therein." A portion of this poem has been translated by David Lloyd Isaac, Esq., and printed in a small volume, published by him at Newport, entitled "Siluriana; or, Contributions towards the History of Gwent and Glamorgan:—

"See the rich and fertile meads—
Where the friars count their beads
It is a garden God hath made,
Which no robber dare invade.
All the images behold
In its abbey decked with gold;
As you enter at the door,
View the tessellated floor,
And its marble altar spread
Thick with offerings for the dead;
Thus survey its burying-ground,
Checkered all with graves around.
At the tolling of the bell
Each was laid within its cell
See, in coffers wrought of stones,
Relics old and holy bones.
Twenty thousand saints of yore
Came to lie on Bardsey shore."

* "Elsewhere we are accustomed to find our greater churches, those especially of cathedral rank, sometimes in the densest parts of our great cities; but at all events in towns of considerable size, rising as witnesses above the din and bustle of busy life. But the founders of the Welsh cathedrals would seem, as indeed is recorded of the greatest among them, almost to have fled from the presence of man, and to have fixed their dwellings in places adapted rather for retired contemplation than for any active government of the church, in sites suited rather for Cistercian abbeys than for cathedral churches."—*The Rev. E. A. FREEMAN.*

† Of its second bishop, St. Tello, the monks had a legend, which for centuries obtained implicit belief. After his death, three places disputed for his remains: Pendy, the place of his birth (Penally, near Tenby, according to the "Liber Landavensis"); Llandellow, which he had selected for monastic retirement; and Llandaff, the See of his diocese. In order to allay the fierce storm thus created, it was agreed to leave the matter to the arbitration of Heaven: each set of clerical rivals commenced praying for his own special order, kneeling beside the corpse; when, lo! as morning broke, the early sunbeams shone not upon one body, but upon three bodies, so exact in form and lineaments, that it was impossible to say "which was which." Consequently, these three places were equally endowed and enriched; although Llandaff absurdly and unfairly claimed for their body the largest share of miraculous power! According to ancient Welsh bards and historians, this district was "beginning to become the retreat of saints so early as the sixth century; and thus it continued to be down to the Reformation. An ode of Hywelap-Juan-ap-Rys, a bard of the year 1460, is still extant, which he sang

convey us thence to Merthyr Tydvil, and on to Neath; or at Aberdare we may branch off to Pontypool, and so make our way to Liverpool, or, indeed, to any part of our island.

Leaving Cardiff, we are soon among the hills and woods, the rapid, and sometimes brawling, river, always at our side. The first object to arrest the eye is the ruin of a very ancient castle, perched on the summit of a steep cliff to the right; it is CASTELL COCH—Red Castle, so named from the colour of the stones of which it is built. We may look up to it from the valley: the crag on which it stands is covered with rich underwood. On that side it was inaccessible to an enemy; none could approach it without being seen from afar off: and aided by fosses, moats, and outworks, and guarded and fortified, as it no doubt ever was, it seems, more than any other fortress in South Wales, to have been "impregnable." A pleasant walk among well-grown trees and shrubs, planted by the lavish hand of nature, leads to the ancient gate-tower, into the small court, and to the north tower (pictured by Mr. Wimperis), underneath which is the dungeon. It is conjectured by Mr. G. T. Clark, who has amply described these interesting remains, that no part dates farther back than the time of Henry III.; but it is certain that fortifications existed here long anterior to that reign. "A Cymric camp" adjoins the castle, and there are evidences that the first Norman "settlers" knew the value of this natural check upon their fierce and ever watchful foes. No doubt when they made "the Red Castle" here, it was a fortress of the Cymry. Hence there is an extensive view on all sides, north, south, east, and west: the long ships of the Danish rovers could be seen far out at sea, and a beacon fire lit on this height would be repeated from "the summits of distant mountains of Brecon and Carmarthen."

Of the history of this powerful "castle" very little is known; legend and tradition have, therefore, been busy with it. One of its foremost heroes was Ivor Bach—Ivor the Little, a patriot among the Welsh, a freebooter among the Normans, who was a terrible thorn in the sides of the invaders.* "He used to boast that he had twelve hundred men, who would beat the best twelve thousand in the world."

Many castles of the Principality are believed to have subterraneous passages leading to other castles: thus, it is said, a passage leads from Cardiff to Castle Coch. Of course, there is a legend connected with this circumstance; it was communicated to us, and as we received it we give it. The legend we heard we tell. Many years ago a lady of good family, but small income, obtained permission to appropriate to her own use, and fit up according to her own taste, four or five rooms in Castle Coch; and there she resided, with two old servants, a man and his wife, who still followed her fortunes. She heard, and they heard, at different times, various noises, which, as they could not be accounted for in any other way, were set down to either rats or jackdaws. One night, however, the lady woke suddenly, and saw a venerable gentleman, in a full-dress suit of the time of Charles I., looking fixedly on her: his face was deadly pale, and every feature impressed by sorrow. She started up, and he retreated, passing through a door that was in shadow. She had sufficient resolution to follow, when, to her amazement, she found the door securely fastened, as she had left it. She did not tell her servants, but a few mornings after her servant told her, he thought they had been too long living there, and that he really heard noises that could not be made by rats or jackdaws. She laughed away his fears, but her own were strengthened, for the same evening, coming from a turret garden she had made, along a corridor, which terminated in a dead wall, she saw the self-same venerable gentleman who had disturbed her repose. She advanced to meet him, but he backed, and disappeared into the wall; this incident frequently occurred, and always with the same result. A tradition existed in the neighbourhood, that during

* A large painting in the Town-hall at Cardiff commemorates one of the incidents in the career of this hero of the Cymry. When Robert, the natural son of Henry I., succeeded to the Lordship of Glamorgan by marriage with the daughter and heiress of Fitzhamon, "he sought to force the English laws upon the Welsh." This the brave Cymry resolutely withstood, but with little prospect of success, until "Ivor, son of Cadellor"—called Ivor Bach (little)—"from the smallness of his stature, contrasted as it was by his formidable prowess"—heading a body of his followers, broke suddenly into Cardiff Castle, seized on Robert and his wife, and held them close prisoners till they consented to restore their ancient laws and liberties to the people, "and all their privileges as they had ever stood, since the time of Howel Dda, the famous lawgiver." These concessions were of necessity made, and Ivor and his men returned to their mountain fastnesses, but not until the grants of Earl Robert had been confirmed by the king. The picture which commemorates this event was presented to the corporation by the artist, Mr. Frank Howard. It was one of the works exhibited at Westminster Hall in 1846, and is a work of considerable interest, as well as merit. It is, however, much to be regretted that this seems to be the only work of Art in the Principality, that commemorates the heroism of the ancient Britons, or, indeed, their gallant ancestors—if we except a pillar in Carmarthen, to the memory of the slain of the 23rd Fusiliers at Albuera, and a score of other battles.

the civil wars the then master of Coch Castle had deposited money and plate and jewels, to an immense amount, in an iron chest, in the subterraneous passage leading from his castle to that of Cardiff; and having been killed by the bursting of a petronel, he never returned to claim it. In process of time the lady found that her old servants were too terrified to remain; she preferred giving up her apartments to parting with her humble friends, and so Coch Castle was deserted.

Some years afterwards a party of stont-hearted gentlemen resolved to explore this subterraneous passage—wherever it might lead to. So, provided with torches and pickaxes, they set out on their expedition. On and on they went, and at last, shining through the darkness, they saw four bright red lights—very bright and very red they were. Nothing daunted they advanced, and presently found that the four red lights were the eyes of two huge eagles, who were composedly perched on an IRON CHEST. Now here was confirmation of the legend of



CASTELL COCH: INTERIOR.

Coch Castle! They walked bravely forward, when suddenly the eagles sprang upon them with claw and beak; and very glad they were to make good their retreat, while the royal birds flew screaming back to the chest. But the men were persevering fellows, and the following day returned armed with pistols and eight good bullets, and when they came within proper distance of the eagles they fired, but with no effect; their enemies flew screaming towards them, beat out their torches with their wings, and sent the intruders back crest-fallen. They then cast some silver bullets, and got them duly blessed, and even persuaded a minister with his holy book to companion them. Again they saw the four red lights—an exorcism was read, which



CASTELL COCH: EXTERIOR.

the eagles did not heed—the charmed bullets were fired with no better result than with those of lead—a third assault was made by the eagles upon the disturbers of their watch and attackers of their ward, the enraged birds punishing them more severely than on either of their former visits. It is believed that the eagles are still there, though no one is bold enough to disturb them.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, known as the "Fraser Tytler" portrait, is one of the most interesting acquisitions the Portrait Gallery has made. There are many portraits presumed to be likenesses of Queen Mary, and some of them may or may not be genuine, yet certain it is that their possessors have done their utmost to authenticate them. This picture, however, requires no advocacy, it authenticates itself. The painter is unknown; and although "the school of Fontainebleau" had been, and some of its members still might be, employed in decorating the palaces of the kings of France, they were principally, with Primaticcio at their head, of the school of Giulio Romano, and this portrait has nothing in it of the freedom or colour of the Roman school of that period.

The most celebrated portrait painter in France, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was François Clouet, surnamed Janet. This master's works incline more to the German and Flemish school of the time, than to any contemporary Italian style; indeed, there is a resemblance between his works and those of Holbein, allowing always for the superior excellence of the latter; and this portrait of Queen Mary is, in feeling, strikingly akin to these. In the Louvre there is, by Janet, a picture of a Court Ball, and another of the marriage of Margaret of Lorraine, in both of which there is an executive resemblance to the feeling of this picture. Janet's work is minute to the last degree, and nothing can exceed the fastidious detail of this portrait. There are also in the Louvre, by Janet, portraits of Henry II., Charles IX., Michel de l'Hôpital, and of three or four other persons of distinction, and at Hampton Court there is also, by this painter, a portrait of Francis II. In short, Janet painted all the French royalty of his time, and it is not likely that he would have omitted one, whose beauty was the theme of all tongues. Yet the features do not, as a whole, meet the idea of the enchanting loveliness which enthralled so many hearts. The face is mapped out in that breadth of shadeless daylight, that Queen Elizabeth insisted was the fitting treatment for all portraiture. The nature of the white paint has destroyed the other colours with which it was mixed; but the more robust light red or vermillion in the lips, and the blue in the eyes, survive.

The face of Mary is oval, with a well-formed nose, and small mouth; but the upper lip is somewhat long. The eyes are blue and full, with a large and peculiarly marked upper lid. The eyebrows are faded—it cannot be supposed that the painter left them so indistinct. The hair, which is light, and most carefully dressed, surmounts the forehead, and lies on the upper part of the cheek in an even roll, thrown backwards; and over the top of the head passes an enamelled ornament, in which are wrought puffs of white satin. The rest of her dress is also better befitting her youth, than the fashion of Catherine de Medicis and Queen Mary of England—that of a close gown, buttoned up to the throat. The dress consists of a black velvet robe, open in front, over a white satin skirt. On the chest is worn a covering of lace, terminating upwards in a ruff round the neck. The sleeves are of white satin, and full. The right hand holds a pair of gloves, and in the left is a portion of the gold chain that goes round the waist. The hands are large; on the thumb of the left is worn a ring. In the place of a stomacher there falls from her neck, in long loops, a richly enamelled gold chain, of Italian workmanship, alternate links of which are formed like the "esses" of our knights' collars. In this are linked medallions bearing legends and cognizances; here and there is seen the salamander of Francis I., and on one is inscribed "*Fora et virtus miscetur in uno.*" On the right of the portrait are seen the arms of France and Scotland. Mary was, therefore, queen when this portrait was painted. The entire impersonation is that of a tall woman: in this she in some degree resembled her mother; for Mary of Lorraine, the wife of James V., was unusually tall. The background is a composition of trees, a river, and a castle, looking very like the Château d'Amboise, on the Loire; if it be so, it was there that the portrait was painted,—originally on panel, but it has since been transferred to canvas with entire success.

THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PICTURES.

THE opening of this always interesting collection would have been too late for notice this month, but for the courtesy of Mr. Gambart, by whom we were allowed access to the pictures before they were hung. Thus, without a catalogue, and while the works were yet only on the floor of the gallery, little more could be effected than a brief record of the names of the painters, accompanied by an imperfect description of their works.

Of the school of Eceen there are some charming examples; but let us state what and where the school of Eceen is. It is a place distant from Paris about twenty miles, a retirement to which a knot of French artists have betaken themselves, for the sake of study, apart from all the dissipations and temptations of the capital; and those who know what student life is in Paris, will understand the economy of such a step. These wise men are the two Frères, Lambinet, Duverger, Fortin, Lassalle, Veyrassat, and perhaps another or two. Professors of "high art" could not get on in such a place, for want of models and material; but the gods not having made these men either poetic or historic, they can afford to abscond, and subsist on little boys and girls.

Of Meissonier there are two examples: one is 'Rembrandt in his Studio,' the figure is minute, but the head with the velvet cap is like the hundreds of portraits that Rembrandt has left of himself in pictures and etchings. He is seated at his easel, with his back to the light, wearing a kind of dressing-gown. The other is a companion picture, showing another painter at his easel. His name we know not, nor is the design on his canvas visible, otherwise that would serve as a key.

By Rosa Bonheur there is a small composition—a grey mare and foal in an open meadow landscape. There is no hesitation in the cool verdure of the scene, which, with the sky, is low in tone, in order to give force to the light on the side and back of the grey mare.

By the Frères there is 'The Slide,' a small composition, yet the largest that has ever appeared under this name. So modest has Edouard Frère hitherto been, that he has limited himself to one or two small figures; but here he produces a string of boys on a slide—which, as to effect, is simplicity itself, being but an opposition of one dark and one light, for the dresses of the boys are extremely low in tone, and severe as to colour, and the ground and background coincide in one snowy and misty surface. Another shows a couple of children in a nook of a humble interior, the one plays a pipe and the other plays the audience; the perfect childishness of the figures is happy beyond expression.

Of Duverger there are two examples, looking as if composed for pendants. In one, a mother seems to be visiting her child which is at nurse; at least such appears to be the subject, for there is one figure whose dress and style are beyond those of the persons about her and the house they live in. The second is a composition of like size, with various figures.—Lassalle has sent a group of small figures, shivering in the intense cold of a winter day: a woman with a child at her back, and a little boy by her side; they look as if they had no home.—There are two simple landscapes by Lambinet: one is a small tongue of meadow, round which flows a river; the other, a pendant, nearly resembles it as to subject, the difference being that the middle distance is covered with trees, and the tone is that of twilight.—Troyon contributes one of his largest compositions: a herd of cattle crossing a rivulet, the composition being assisted with trees and a variety of landscape incident. There is a second smaller work by this painter, showing a herd of cattle on a piece of seaside pasture.—Ruiperez has contributed a small work, of which the subject is an artist submitting a picture to a patron. The picture which the painter holds before his friend is a landscape containing a mill, very like that called Rembrandt's.—By Plassan there is 'The Prayer,' a girl about to retire to rest, kneeling at her bedside; partaking of much of the simple grace with which Plassan qualifies all his works more or less. A large picture by Brion exhibits a numerous company of Breton peasants

kneeling in devotion within and without the porch of their church: the treatment of the figures is most appropriate, anything like neat finish would destroy their genuine character.—A painter in his studio, by Chavet; he is attired in the taste of the middle of the last century. This is a finished composition, which equally, in all its parts, satisfies the eye.—Two large pictures by Edouard Dubufe may be entitled 'The Conscript's Departure,' and 'The Conscript's Return.' In the former we see a Breton youth taking leave of his betrothed, who is incapable of replying to his assurance that he will be faithful to her. In the second scene he returns a *decoré* of the Legion of Honour, wearing also the British medal, which he has, of course, won in the Crimea.—In a ferry, by Veyrassat, two horses are already embarked, or, perhaps, about to disembark, while two others are on the bank of the river; everything here, as to substance, yields place to these horses and figures, hence they come effectively forward.—By Edouard Frère there is yet another composition, of which the point is not very clear. It has a group of three boys, of low class, kneeling on a bench. The dispositions of this work are in the feeling of the highest order of Art.—Jules Breton has sent a harvest scene, in the foreground of which is a company of peasant women, coarse in person and attire, but in movement, action, and sentiment equal to the impersonations of the Greek sculptors. There are also contributions from Antigna, Müller, Trayer, Henneberg, H. Baron, Monfallet, Legrand, and many others, whose works we hope to be able to notice more satisfactorily hereafter.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The days for receiving pictures and other works of Art are Monday the 9th and Tuesday the 10th of April. The exhibition to open, as usual, on the first Monday in May: i. e. the 7th of the month.

MR. JAMES CLARKE HOOK has been elected a member of the Royal Academy. A more satisfactory selection could not have been made: as an artist, he holds rank among the highest, and his position is equally high as a gentleman and a man of intellectual strength. Mr. Hook is the grandson of the great Bible commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, and his father held a distinguished post under government in Africa, where he died. He is yet in the prime of life, and is no doubt destined to produce many grand results of labour, thought, and careful study of nature, as well as the old masters—for to the lessons taught by both his energies have long been dedicated.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has received an addition of an Italian picture, by Lorenzo Costa (born 1460, died 1535), of the Bolognese school. It is a compartmented altar-piece, presenting, in the centre, the Virgin enthroned, with the Infant Saviour, and two adoring angels, one on each side; and, below, two angels, one playing the double flutes, and the other a guitar of ancient form. On the right, in a separate compartment, is St. Peter, and, on the left, St. Philip; and, above these, are St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. It is a large picture, and in excellent condition.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS.—The second *Conversazione* of the season was held on the evening of the 27th of February. The pictures and drawings exhibited were by Duncan, J. W. Oakes, Miss Mutrie, Dodgson, Calderon, Pidgeon, Fitzgerald, Mole, Smallfield, H. Weigall, Rossiter, H. Moore, D. Y. Blakiston, E. Hayes, Pearson, Powell, F. Weekes, G. L. Hall, Page, &c. These meetings are rendered extremely interesting by the variety of pictures and drawings which are seen there, on the eve of being sent to the different exhibitions as they successively open.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS announce an Exhibition of "Modern Furniture of Italian Design," to be opened early in June. "The exhibition will include all kinds of decorated cabinet-work; works of Art in metal, pottery, and glass; textile fabrics, such as curtains, table-covers, and carpets; composition ornaments, such as picture-frames and brackets; and paper-hangings." No doubt the society desire the contributions of Art-manufacturers and Art-

workmen, although probably the mass of the collection will be derived from private sources. The plan cannot fail to be useful: there will be assembled in the Adelphi many great teachers, and valuable lessons will be taught to producers.

ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.—The discussion of this subject has been revived by the Society of Arts; committee meetings have been held, and it will be ere long brought before Parliament. There can be no doubt of the necessity for legislating with a view to a better understanding of the rights of producers and proprietors, and of placing them on a more equitable and rational basis. But the matter is one of extreme delicacy—one that may be so treated as to do incalculable mischief. We hope, while the good is obtained, the evil will be avoided: but, we repeat, it must be considered very carefully and very calmly. We have, in the *Art-Journal*, discussed the theme so often and at so much length, that all we need now do is to refer the advocates and the opponents of the contemplated measure to our pages.

SCHIEFFER'S 'TEMPTATION ON THE MOUNT.'—This marvellous picture is in England, exhibiting at Messrs. Grundy's, Manchester, and, no doubt, will be ere long in London. It is the property of the French nation, and its eventual destination is the Luxembourg. In some Paris journals it is asserted that the picture "hawked (*que l'on colporte*) about the three kingdoms" is only a copy. This assertion Mr. Grundy has indignantly denied, publishing a letter from M. Goupil (the eminent publisher of Paris) "showing that the picture exhibited by Mr. Grundy is really the original by Ary Scheffer, special permission for its exhibition in England having been accorded by the Minister of State." We remember it well in Scheffer's atelier: it is of immense size, and one of the grandest works ever conceived or executed.

A PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON, by Mr. G. F. Watts, the painter of the fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall, has been recently shown at Messrs. Colnaghi's, and is probably still there. It is a fine, vigorous example of portraiture, and the likeness of the poet-laureate is unquestionably good; yet it scarcely conveys to our mind a satisfactory expression of his intellectual qualities: the eyes are comparatively lustreless, while the general character of the features is indicative of austerity.

MR. JOHN GILBERT, of Sheffield, is preparing for publication a chromo-lithographic print from Mr. W. Hunt's drawing called 'The Restless Sitter'; a young rosy-faced, yellow-frolicked country-boy, who seems bent upon placing himself in every attitude but the right one for the artist's purpose. We have had the copy and the original picture side by side before us, and really were puzzled to know "which was which," so closely has Mr. Hanhart, the lithographer, imitated the drawing. Mr. Hunt's works, generally, are admirably adapted for this kind of reproduction; and 'The Restless Sitter' is one of the very best copies we have ever seen in "chromo." The little urchin will doubtless find troops of friends and admirers.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The second meeting of the season was held on the evening of the 12th of January. The contributions were two or three landscapes by Linnell; 'The Rose of Seville,' Phillip; two works by Dobson; one by Inskip; three by Feed, of which two were highly finished studies—'Shakespeare' and 'Milton'; one by Hook; two or three Morlands; the touched proofs of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, and various interesting collections of drawings and sketches. At the third meeting, on the 8th of February, the table that attracted most attention, was one on which was displayed a large collection of sketches by Flaxman, studies, mostly, for book-plates, monumental designs, and of academy figures. On the walls were hung, also, many similar works. Among other prominent contributions, we noticed a pair of exquisitely-painted small oil-pictures, by W. P. Frith, R.A., the subjects from Scott's novels; a cottage interior, by T. Webster, R.A., with an old woman teaching a child to read—not a very recent work, we presume, but most carefully painted; a pair of nun-like portraits, grouped, beautiful in treatment and colour, and very animated, by J. Sant; the original sketches for 'The Scape-goat,' 'Sir Isambard at the Ford,' and 'The Vale of Rest,' the well-known Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and of Etty's 'Youth at the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm,' 'Fruit,' by Lance;

a very clever landscape, by the late J. Stark; drawings by Turner, D. Cox, Duncan, Dodgson, &c. The fourth meeting of the season was held by this society on the 14th of March, when there were exhibited pictures and drawings of much interest by D. Cox, Etty, Wilkie, Turner, Holland, Phillips, Rosa Bonheur, Holland, Richardson, T. Dalziel, E. T. Parris, Barker, H. B. Willis, Prout, Archer, W. Hunt, Smallfield, G. Chambers, G. Frupp, &c.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—On the evening of Wednesday, March 7th, we were present at a most interesting meeting held at the Architectural Museum, South Kensington, for the purpose of distributing the prizes that had been awarded by the committee to artist-workmen for their productions in wood-carving and coloured decorative compositions. The chair was occupied by Mr. Beresford Hope, the chairman of the committee, and in the lecture theatre many of the warmest friends of the museum were present, together with a large assemblage of artist-workmen. The proceedings were of a highly gratifying character, and such as were eminently calculated to exert a powerfully beneficial influence upon the progress of practical Art amongst us. It is but too generally the fate of the actual producers of carvings and other decorative works to be altogether unknown, and to have their individuality merged in their employer. We believe it to be desirable, and for the general good, that the men should be known by name by whom the various works are executed. They have a right to the reputation and the honour, and to the more substantial advantages, also, that their works have won for them. It is thus that they are both rewarded for what they have achieved, and are led to aspire to still higher successes. Entertaining such views, we gladly avail ourselves of the recent prize-distribution at the Architectural Museum, to record the names of the prizemen on that occasion, who in these prizes hold diplomas of merit in their respective spheres of action. In wood-carving the first prize was adjudged to Mr. James Allen, who is engaged in the studio of Mr. Philip, the eminent architectural sculptor, and who has been engaged at Exeter College Chapel, Oxford. An extra first prize was awarded to Mr. W. Baylis, and the second prize to Mr. Charles E. Turner. The first prize for colour decorations fell to Mr. J. Simkin, and the second to Mr. Harrison, a prizeman of last year. The works are all of them most meritorious, and they encourage the committee of the museum to redouble their efforts, first to obtain prizes which they may offer to artist-workmen, and secondly to induce worthy competitors to enter the lists in this honourable rivalry.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—At length we are enabled to congratulate the Directors of the Crystal Palace on their having adopted a resolution to render their unrivalled Institution directly available for educational purposes. In the first instance, the Sydenham Palace was professedly intended to be a great national school of Art-teaching, as well as a universal museum and a place of popular resort. Circumstances, however, for a while have very considerably modified the original plans of the projectors of the Crystal Palace, and year after year has passed away, while the Courts and Collections of the Palace have taken no part in the great educational and intellectual movements of our times. It is with sincere gratification we record the near approach of better things, and that we may now expect the Crystal Palace to realize its own proper results. The new project originated with a gentleman, who has long been deeply impressed with the peculiar capabilities of the Palace to advance the cause of popular education. The details of this project will appear with the forthcoming programme for 1860-1861: but meanwhile we may state that the plans will then be shown to have been most carefully considered, as well as to be most comprehensive in their range. A systematic course of class study will be found to constitute the general plan; and the utmost efforts will appear to have been directed to the working of the proposed classes. No less satisfactory will prove the arrangements for extending the advantages of these classes as widely as possible, and for attracting to them the attention of all who may be expected to take an active interest in such matters. We trust that a really worthy "Crystal Palace Journal" will accompany and be associated with this movement; and also that the classes will lead to the production of a numerous and comprehensive series of cheap popular publications,

such as are so much needed for developing what all museums can teach, if their teaching-capabilities were earnestly brought into operation, instead of being permitted to lie dormant.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS, by Mr. F. BEDFORD, have been issued by Messrs. Catherrall and Prichard, of Chester, descriptive of scenery, buildings, &c., in North Wales. The series of the latter is large, and comprehends a considerable number of the leading objects which excite the wonder and admiration of tourists, and have been the special delights of artists time out of mind. The photographs are of good size, and it is scarcely requisite to say, are of the highest possible merit,—the name of Mr. Bedford will sufficiently guarantee their excellence. They picture the leading beauties of the country—hills, dales, rivers, rocks, and waterfalls—and are delicious copies of surpassing natural attractions. The stereoscopic views are certainly among the best that have been produced, supplying a rich intellectual feast: to us they have given enjoyment of the rarest character—and so they may to our readers, for they are attainable at small cost. We name them at random, but they are all of famous places—Pont Aberglaslyn, Capel Curig, Llyn Ogwen, Bettys-y-coed, Beddgelert, Pont-y-gilli, Trefriw, Llanberis, Pen Llyn, with views also of the Britannia Bridge, Carnarvon Castle, &c. It is highly to the credit of a provincial establishment to have issued a series so entirely good.

MONUMENT TO BISHOP BLOOMFIELD IN ST. PAUL'S.—It is understood that this work in marble is to be executed by Mr. Richmond, the accomplished portrait-painter. We imagine the next fact to startle the Art-world will be a tender from Mr. Frith to build the New Foreign Office, or perhaps one from Sir Charles Eastlake to construct the new docks in the Isle of Dogs. Such circumstances would be scarcely less astounding than the employment of a portrait-painter to erect a monument during the life-time of Mr. Foley, Mr. Calder Marshall, and a few other "capable" sculptors of Great Britain.

THE MEDAL OF THE ARTIST, TURNER, drawn and designed by MACLISE, has been finished by Mr. Leonard Wyon. It is described by a correspondent as "gorgeously beautiful." There can be no doubt of its exceeding merit. Mr. Wyon has added to the honours of his name, and is only second to his accomplished father.

CROMWELL REFUSING THE CROWN.—Such is the title of a large historical picture now being exhibited at Messrs. Leggatt, Hayward, and Leggatt's establishment in Cornhill. It is the work of Mr. Maguire, who has been most fortunate in his subject, which is one of the salient points of our historical incident. The battles of Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, &c., are more or less like other battles; but they really all seem small events in comparison with Cromwell's 'Refusal of the Crown of England.' Cromwell did not say, as Richard—

"Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
—I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,"

but plainly and absolutely, according to the Journal of the House of Commons, "I cannot undertake this government with the title of king, and that is mine answer to this great and weighty business." He had often expressed his determination to refuse the title of king; but the "petition" was presented on May 7th, 1657, and on the following day he gave his prompt and decided reply, regretting that so much of the public time had been lost on such a subject. In Mr. Maguire's picture, he has risen from his chair, and is addressing the deputation standing on the dais, and surrounded by all the commonwealth celebrities of the time—as Sir Thomas Widdrington, the Speaker; Lenthall, formerly Speaker, but now Master of the Rolls; Sir John Glynn, Lord Chancellor; General Desborough, Cromwell's brother-in-law; the Earl of Tweeddale, General Lambert, Colonel Pride, Milton, Chief Justice St. John, Lord Broghill, Lord Commissioner Fiennes, &c.—in the whole, about forty figures. Cromwell's figure and face have been carefully painted from the Cooper miniature, and in all the other impersonations recourse has been had to every known authority. The work is about to be engraved, for which it is extremely well adapted. The figures are well drawn, rounded, with face and substance; and in contemplating the composition, the spectator finds

himself at once interested in the question that excites and animates the assembly before him.

MRS. JAMESON.—We record with deep regret the death of this accomplished lady, after a very brief illness; the sad event took place on the 17th of March. Her age was sixty-four. We have no means this month to do more than record the heavy loss thus sustained by the Art-literature of the country.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS held its first Conversazione this season at No. 9, Conduit Street, on which occasion the exhibition of the Architectural Photographic Association was thrown open to visitors. A paper was read by Mr. B. Montague Davis, B.A., on "The Fine Arts, their Rise, Decline, and Present Position." Pictures were not numerous, but the scant catalogue was compensated by the interest attaching to the few that were exhibited. There was an interesting memento of Wilkie—the beginning of a picture on panel, the subject "Samuel and Eli," carrying us more substantially back to the man than a finished work. There were others by Etty, Turner, Phillip, Gainsborough, Wright of Derby, O'Connor, Old Crome, &c., the property of Mr. Cox, Mr. Ottley, Mr. Farrer, Mr. Foley, R.A., &c.

FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY OF ART.—The steel plates of this work, forty-eight in number, have been sold by public auction, bringing the sum of two thousand pounds. Whether there will be a re-issue of the publication, or in what form our old friends will re-appear, we cannot say. The work made a great sensation when it was commenced, about twenty-two years ago; it was then considered marvellously cheap; three prints for a guinea and a-half was a startling novelty; and the work undoubtedly contained many admirable engravings, from paintings by the best British masters. Numerous artists have, however, since risen to eminence; and some of those who were then famous are now forgotten. Moreover, the price that was small in 1838 would be considered large in 1860. The readers of the *Art-Journal* know they receive, in that publication, monthly, two engravings nearly as large, and quite as meritorious, as those which, in Finden's Gallery, brought the sum of a guinea: it is needless to state, that this advantage to the public results from the greatly increased number of Art-buyers.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY has recently published a map of Europe, in which are laid down the lines of communication, by means of electric wires, through different countries. The principal stations are also marked out, and a tariff of charges for messages occupies the sides of the map. We had no idea, till we glanced at the red, branch-like lines, which intersect and cover the face of this quarter of the earth, as represented here, how wide and diverse are the operations of this wonderful piece of machinery, which enables the Finlander to talk with the Tunisian, and the Muscovite with the Spaniard. The map is capitally printed, and published by Messrs. Day and Son, by whom it is also drawn and engraved; its utility, whether for political, commercial, or only domestic purposes, is unquestionable.

INDESTRUCTIBLE PICTURES.—We found recently in the *Building News* the following information; we give it to our readers without comment, as we have had no opportunity of ascertaining for ourselves the facts it reports:—"M. Gollivet, the artist employed in the pictorial decoration of St. Vincent de Paul, has invented a new mode of painting, which has been tested by four years' experience, and which is on the eve of receiving very extensive application to the public monuments of Paris. Instead of canvas, copper or wood panels, or plaster surfaces, M. Gollivet employs thin slabs of lava, which may be of any dimensions, and which equally resist the action of fire and water. The colours are mixed up with the enamel material, and laid on the lava with the utmost facility, after which, when the picture is finished, it is fired to vitrify the enamel, and to preserve the colours from all danger, except of course, from fluorine acid. Specimens of the process may be seen in the façade of the painter's house, Cité Malesherbes, Rue Laval; they consist of medallions which were executed four years back. In a short time the portico of St. Vincent de Paul will be decorated with several large paintings of this kind, including a 'Last Supper,' an 'Adoration of the Magi,' and 'Adam and Eve.'"

REVIEWS.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Engraved by ACHILLE LEFEVRE, from the Picture by MURILLO. Published by GOUFIL & Co., Paris and London.

This engraving is from the famous picture by Murillo, generally considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, which Marshal Soult carried off, with others, from Seville, and which the French government bought, in 1852, at the sale of the "Soult Collection," for the enormous sum of £23,440: it is now in the Louvre. The composition is certainly most glorious and unearthly; it would be, indeed, difficult to discover a single attribute of this "stained world" in any portion of it. Standing on a crescent moon, and surrounded by a mass of thin clouds, on and through which a host of cherubs is disporting in every imaginable form and attitude, rises the Virgin mother, whose sweet, tender, and expressive face is turned upwards, with her hands crossed on the breast; her beauty is radiant and holy, but it is not the beauty that Raffaele's saints and virgins have; nor have the cherubs that loveliness of feature which characterizes those of the painter of Urbino; yet there is a charm about them most winning, because it is simple and natural. M. Lefevre's *burin* has most successfully translated the picture, the principal figure, especially, is very exquisitely rendered, the draperies are solid or aerial, as suits the textures, and the foldings soft and graceful. In some of the cherubs, those which are in half-shadow, a little "wooliness" is apparent in the flesh, but the entire character of the engraving is worthy of the subject, and is highly honourable to the French school. The print is large.

TRANSFORMATION; OR, THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Published by SMITH & ELDER, London.

We are not to accept this book as a story: in that respect it is grievously deficient. The characters are utterly untrue to nature and to fact; they speak, all and always, the sentiments of the author; their words also are his; there is no one of them for which the world has furnished a model.

Yet it is a book of marvellous fascination, full of wisdom and goodness, of pure love of the beautiful, of deep and intense thoughtfulness, of sound practical piety; it is the book of a gentle, loving, and generous heart, with sympathy for all sorrows, and an earnest longing for the happiness of human kind. Yet it is a sad book, notwithstanding; a wail from beginning to end, and pain rather than pleasure is the recompense of the reader. It is much so, indeed, with the other volumes of the accomplished author; but Rome seems to have shadowed all that remains to him of the freshness of earlier life—its gloom of the past, the present, and the future, seems to darken every step he treads in the Eternal City.

Nothing in literature is, however, finer than his descriptions of the Art-glories that yet exist to tempt artists to Rome. Art is the great theme of the writer. His heroes and heroines are artists; with them he daily visits scenes and places that are immortal; with them he talks of people who can never die.

The artist, especially the sculptor, will, therefore, read these volumes with exceeding delight, and not with delight only. He will find a great teacher in the great author, and behold his art under the effects of a new and shining light, by which to estimate the glories and the beauties of the works that have stood the test of twenty centuries of time.

It is seldom we can review a work at length proportionate to its interest and value. We must leave this to make its way, as it is sure to do, into the minds and hearts of the millions by whom it will be read in the Old World and the New.

AULD LANG SYNE. By ROBERT BURNS. With Illustrations by GEORGE HARVEY, R.S.A., engraved by LUMB STOCKS, A.R.A. Published by the Royal Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland: Edinburgh.

Burns' immortal song has long been as popular with us southerners as with the dwellers in the land north of the Borders. It is not every Englishman who sings it whose botanical knowledge can enable him to comprehend exactly what is a *gooson*, nor to understand the precise meaning of "*We twa ha'e paid't i' the burn*;" but still he sings the song heartily, because he knows its spirit to be that of kindness and friendship; and so the great Scottish minstrel finds a welcome even where his language is partially unintelligible. The five engravings illustrating the lines, and published by the society mentioned above for its subscribers, make a charm-

ing series: the first is a Highland landscape; in the foreground are two young boys filling a basket with *goosons*, or daisies. The next is a wild, desolate sea-shore view; on a bank reclines a half-clad figure, apparently escaped from a wreck, though no sign of ship is visible; he seems to have found a *gooson*, or flower of some kind to remind him of home, for he is contemplating it with a sad countenance; this figure is a fine poetical conception, and is admirable in drawing and expression: the scene illustrates the line "*We've wander'd mony a weary foot*." The third plate refers to the words, "*We twa ha'e paid't i' the burn*:" it is a rich and picturesque Highland view; in the foreground two boys, knee-deep in the burn, are netting the water—if the term "*net*" may be applied to a cloth or apron—for small fish. The fourth engraving shows little else than a portion of the upper rigging of a vessel, with a sailor sitting on the cross-trees; the subject is suggested by the line, "*But seas between us braid ha'e roared*." The last brings the friends once more together; they are now both long past the prime of life, and are enjoying "*a cup o' kindness*," which here means "*toddy*," in a sea-port *bothie*, for a portion of a ship's rigging is seen through the half-open doorway. The companions are well characterized; it is not difficult to distinguish between him who has wandered over half the world, perhaps, and him who has kept on the even tenor of his way in a quiet little business at home. Mr. Harvey has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the song, and illustrated it in a manner as pleasing as it is varied; while Mr. Stocks has engraved the subjects most carefully. We cannot help thinking that a work of this nature is preferable for the purpose of distributing to subscribers of Art-Union societies—among which the Scottish association may be ranked—to the large single engravings generally issued by such institutions.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE HUMAN AND ANIMAL FRAME. By B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, F.L.S., F.G.S., &c. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

Were it necessary to accumulate arguments to prove the expediency, now universally felt, of some rearrangement of the contents of the British Museum, an additional proof would be found in the fact, that the valuable collection of animal skeletons, made by Dr. J. E. Gray during the last twenty years, is now almost inaccessible buried in the crypt of that edifice, and thus one of the finest anatomical collections in Europe is so little known as to be nearly useless to both Science and Art. Now there cannot be the least doubt that the study of such objects is, to a great extent, indispensable to the Art-student, and it is with the view of setting before him what is, through another medium, beyond his reach, that Mr. Hawkins has published this work. The plates, which are on a scale of considerable magnitude, give what may be termed a "sectional view" of the animals represented; that is, the osseous, or bony, framework appears *in relief*, as it were, against the covering of flesh, so that the creature is seen externally and internally at the same time. Each plate is scientifically, yet clearly to unprofessional readers, described; the figures are also most artistically arranged and grouped, both in action and repose; and thus the publication is made in every way suitable to the requirements of the student of Art, for whom it is especially designed. To figure and animal painters of every kind, particularly to those who have not the opportunity of sketching "from the life," these illustrations must prove invaluable.

MEMORIALS OF WORKERS. By GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S. Published by R. HARDWICKE, London.

Mr. Godwin is himself a zealous "worker," and is therefore a fit person to talk to others of the advantages derivable from labour; but his energies are not centred in his own aggrandizement, he works for the benefit of the community, and his active mind is ever employed, either with pen or in person, in investigating, and in attempting to remedy, some of the evils of our social system, and in showing how others may by principle and practice advance their own interests as well as that of their neighbours. The little book entitled "*Memorials of Workers*" is the lecture delivered a short time since, by Mr. Godwin, to working-men of South Kensington, at the Architectural Museum, his object being to encourage them by the examples of those whose names now belong to the history of their country, to a life of diligence, perseverance, and integrity, whereby they may elevate themselves to an eminence which, if not as high as that of some, may yet be more exalted than that whereon they now stand. Nature does not endow every man with great genius, but to few does she deny such power of intellect and other qualities either of mind

or body, or of both, as will, if properly applied, lead to a successful result. In the brief but well-digested memoirs of Palissy, Arkwright, Crompton, Jacquard, Brindley, Watt, Stephenson, Flaxman, Chantrey, and many others, narrated by Mr. Godwin, we have splendid examples of "what great things have been effected by men working under the heaviest disabilities"—those of want of money, want of friends, want of early education, and even want of health. Such men have not, indeed, lived in vain, if their lives furnished no other lessons than the duty of employing to the best purpose, and in the most effective way, the talents God has entrusted to us. This printed lecture should be read and thought over in the home of every peasant and artisan in Great Britain.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY IN GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE; with an Historical View of the Rise and Progress of the Art in Greece. By GEORGE, EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T., &c. &c. Published by J. WEALE, London.

Lord Aberdeen's elaborate and interesting "inquiry," has been before the public on two former occasions; it was originally written for, and published by the introduction to, the translation, by the late Mr. Wilkins, R.A., of Vitruvius's *Civil Architecture*, the copyright of which fell into the hands of Mr. Weale. Another publisher, however, at a subsequent period, issued an edition of the introduction at a price which limited its circulation only to a few, comparatively; the owner of the copyright has now included it in his series of shilling "rudimentary" works, to bring it within the reach of the masses. A treatise that has for a long period received the stamp of public approval, and by those best qualified to judge of its merits, requires no commendation at our hands. It will suffice to say that though full of research and learned information, it is so pleasantly and simply written as to be both entertaining and instructive even to those who have no especial inclination to the study of architecture.

THE ELEMENTS OF PERSPECTIVE, Arranged for the Use of Schools, and intended to be read in Connection with the First Three Books of Euclid. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The study of perspective is at all times a wearisome task to most young people; nor do we think that Mr. Ruskin's method of teaching, however true in the abstract, will tend to render it popular and pleasing. It may enable the student to describe and solve mathematical problems, but the young artist pining to get to nature, will have little heart for the mastery of such theoretical teachings as are found here, ere he seeks, pencil in hand, the fields and woodlands; nor, in truth, would it be necessary that he should master them. Mr. Ruskin admits that "an account of practical methods, sufficient for general purposes of sketching, might indeed have been set down in much less space; but if the student reads the following pages carefully, he will not only find himself able, on occasion, to solve perspective problems of a complexity greater than the ordinary rules will reach, but obtain a clue to many important laws of pictorial effect, no less than of outline." The landscape-painter who desires to learn something more than what is required by the exigencies of his art, will attain his wish readily by the acquisition of Mr. Ruskin's problems, if he possesses a faculty for comprehending information of a mathematical nature, but not otherwise. To the student of architectural and mechanical drawing, the book will be especially useful.

PICTURES OF THE CHINESE, Drawn by Themselves. Described by the Rev. R. H. COBBOLD, M.A. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

We remember, when a boy, having in our possession a picture-book entitled "Scenes in London," it was a favourite book among youngsters, for it represented and described the peripatetic traders, hawkers, &c., who at that time were heard and seen in the streets of the metropolis. Now Mr. Cobbold's book is much after the same sort, though it is not one for children only. It is the result of observations made by the author during a residence of eight years in Northern China, in which he jotted down notes on what he saw and heard of the manners and customs of the people among whom he sojourned,—that strange nation claiming to have two eyes while all the rest of the world have but one. The illustrations—which, except a few topographical and other views, are mere pen-and-ink outlines—are the work of a native artist; and, though approximating very closely to the curious old drawings which our contributor, Mr. Wright, has recently introduced

into the pages of the *Art-Journal*, are said to be faithful representations of the scenes and characters exhibited; such, for example, as 'Street Singers,' 'The Barley-Sugar Stall,' 'The Collector of Refuse Hair,' 'The Collector of Paper Scraps,' 'The Stone-Squarers,' 'The Blind Seer,' 'The Lantern Seller,' 'The Taoist Priest Exorcising,' 'The Florist,' 'The Cook-Shop,' &c. &c. These, with the writer's pleasant and graphic descriptions, give a most amusing insight into, as well as much novel information concerning, the Chinese at home.

THE WAR IN ITALY. From Drawings by CARLO BOSSOLI. Published by DAY & SON, London.

This book is an illustrated history of the war in Italy; the sad theme is yet fresh in memory, and a series of pictures, by a competent artist, described by an author to whose pen the British public were indebted daily, in the *Times* newspaper, cannot fail to have general interest and large popularity. The letter-press, without the illustrations, would be of great value; combined as it is with accurate portraits of so many memorable places, the book cannot fail to be received as one of the most instructive contributions to the Art-literature of our age and country. It is a book, not for the period only, but of worth as a permanent record of a true, though terrible, story. There are no fewer than forty coloured lithographs, describing the scenery, the marches, the assaults, the battles, and the triumphs; these suffice to represent all the leading incidents of the war: there are also explanatory maps. We have the author's testimony as to the accuracy of the artist's sketches, and no doubt the book may be accepted as conveying to the reader a perfect idea of all the leading scenes and circumstances connected with a contest the briefest, yet the most eventful, that has ever influenced the future of the eastern world.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAMUEL CROMPTON, Inventor of the Spinning Machine called "The Mule." By GILBERT J. FRENCH, F.S.A. Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., London; DINHAM & Co., Manchester.

Crompton's is a name which takes a high place in those annals of British worthies who have become distinguished in the arts of peace, and have elevated themselves by the aid of their genius and untiring energy of character. Mr. French's biographical narrative—enlarged from two lectures delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Bolton—possesses much interest for the general reader, though he may, probably, care little for the *Cottonocracy*, and the great world of spinning-machines. The lives of most men, whatever their position, offer some lessons worthy both of imitation and of rejection; Crompton's forms no exception to the rule. Genius is of little service if not aided by common sense and a knowledge of the world in which we live; and it was in a great measure for the lack of such knowledge that he who might, possibly, have died a millionaire, became in his last days, almost, if not entirely, dependent on his friends for support.

NOTES ON NURSING. By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Published by HARRISON, London.

We should neglect a solemn duty if we omitted to notice the marvellous collection of wise thoughts, resulting from practical knowledge, issued under this title by a lady whose name is as "a household word" in our country, its dependencies, and indeed throughout the world. Miss Nightingale is one of those gifts which Providence bestows upon mankind but once in a thousand years—a boon that is a blessing for all time. Humanity is her debtor. There is not a journal in the British dominions that has no record of the debt. Her name has been uttered at every hearth throughout the land, less with feelings of admiration and respect, than with those of deep and devoted affection: the WOMAN has her place in every British heart. This is her latest, but by no means her only—God grant it may not be her last—effort for the good of mankind. What a wonderful teacher is this book of eighty pages!—no line that can be dispensed with—no word needless or too much. Every topic that can rule the sick or guide the nurse is treated here so simply, wisely, and practically that the oldest head may learn, while the merest tyro is instructed. Of a surety no house where a sick room can ever be, should be without this invaluable counsellor: to palace and cottage it is a treasure, as useful to the one as the other—to the single patient in the small room as to the score collected in some "dreary ward." No wonder, therefore, that this small and unassuming publication, so printed that it may be cheap, and within the reach of all, should have been received

with gratitude by the learned and the great, the physician and the man of science, as well as by the comparatively humble, whose duties in the sick room must very often be discharged with little help, and with aids of luxuries derived from sadly restricted means. It is a book for the poor as for the rich, and for the rich as for the poor, destined to make many a weary head less weary, to create confidence and hope where depression and despair might otherwise be, and especially, and above all, to make woman more than ever a ministering angel in sickness, where there is suffering under any of the ailments that flesh is heir to. As long as life shall last, and pain is the lot of humanity, there will be blessings in sick rooms on the author of this book; and the future will have even more cause than the past to bless the name of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY. By Mr. and Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE. Published by C. LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

A capital book to give to an intelligent boy on his birthday. To celebrate such an event a few friends have assembled early at a house in the country, and after partaking of breakfast all sally forth to pass the long summer-day in the park, the farmyard, the fields, and by the river-side, discussing in their rambles the pursuits and pastimes incident to a country-life, and in which a boy is supposed to find interest: dogs, horses, poultry-yard pets, driving, riding, sailing, swimming, archery, angling, botany and other sciences, games of all sorts both out-of-doors and in-doors, with many other matters likely to arise out of conversations on such subjects. The information is full, and most pleasantly stated, and is well calculated to give to a boy ideas beneficial to both mind and body: the best *gradus* he can consult if he desires to become a "gentleman" in the truest sense of the word.

MEMOIRS OF A LADY IN WAITING. In 2 vols. Published by SAUNDERS & OTLEY, London.

The memoirs of a "Lady in Waiting" refer to the picturesque times of the second Charles, when ladies and gentlemen looked like what Sir Peter Lely painted. The author has modelled her story, not only on the period, but on the people who flourished in those days, and her sketches of character are vigorous and life-like: had her pencil been more carefully pointed, and she had taken more pains with the smaller details, the volumes would have been as perfect as they are pleasant. The striking historical episodes of those eventful times are chronicled with fidelity, and the freshness of young feeling; however well-known they may be, they are treated so as to ensure attention and sympathy. The author has bestowed much good labour on Clarendon, and her groupings and effects are very artistic. Having a second time tried her wings, we make no doubt but her third flight will be as great an improvement on "The Lady in Waiting" as this is on "The Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset." We rejoice to see novels brought within two volume compass. Many a noble tale has been ruined by being, of booksellers' necessity, extended into three. What would "The Vicar of Wakefield" have been in three volumes?

THE VICAR OF LYSSSEL. A Clergyman's Diary of 1729-82. Published by SAUNDERS & OTLEY, London.

Fact or fiction, and it may be presumed to be the former, this is a pretty, though a sorrowful, history. It purports to be the diary of a clergyman who has become the incumbent of a picturesque little parish on the Borders: marries a sweet but fragile young girl, whom he soon loses: marries again, after a few years, and is a second time a widower. His eldest son too—"the handsome lad of sixteen, who brought the head prize from St. Bees, these Midsummer holidays,"—dies during the vacation. There is sunshine, however, on the old vicar's head as his days are drawing to a close, notwithstanding they are somewhat disturbed by the outbreak of bonnie Prince Charlie and the Scotch insurgents. The vicar is a little of a Jacobite, and bewails the fate of the chief and his misguided followers; but Mr. Kendale was a good man, he murmured not amid all his griefs, and "the serenity and peace shed over his last years seemed to be with his children, as they took their last farewell of his face, calm in death, and as they followed him to his last resting-place, through the garden-paths so long haunted by his footsteps, that sunny spring day, when all nature seemed to rejoice that the long and weary journey was over, and that the good man had gone to his rest."

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